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Arts & Literature Magazine
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The Voice of the University of Toronto at Mississauga

THE MEDIUM

Last issue

VOLUME 26 ISSUE 26 APRIL 3, 2008

Chauhan wins ECSU presidency in landslide

BY MARK BUDGELL

Preena Chauhan became ECSU's new president in a landslide election victory last week.

Chauhan, former ECSU vice-president of administration, easily defeated her opponents Simon Bahsous and Vernon Baney. Almost four hundred students voted for Chauhan, while about two hundred voted for Bahsous. Baney received about forty votes. Chauhan, after results were announced at pub last Thursday night, and between hugs, said she was surprised by how far she finished ahead of her opponents.

"I'm really shocked. I thought it would be 50-50," said Chauhan. "I got caught up in it [the campaign]. I just didn't think it was there."

Chauhan said she is optimistic about the upcoming year.

"It's going to be a great year."

Bahsous left the pub before hearing the official results.

While outgoing ECSU president Laurie Schirripa said she is surprised that Chauhan won by so much, she thinks students made the right choice.

"I'm very pleased. I thought it would be closer. I think students made the right choice and chose the most qualified person."

Schirripa, who is responsible for training the incoming president, said Chauhan is well prepared for the office.

"They [students] made my job easier by choosing Chauhan. I won't have to train her very much because she already knows about all the issues," said Schirripa.

Incoming vice-president of finance and former services coordinator, Rose Oliveira, joins Chauhan. Oliveira, who was criticized this year for not fulfilling a promise she made during last year's campaign to donate half of her salary to a scholarship fund, said she is not promising anything this year.

"Promises? No. I refuse to use that word," said Oliveira.

Oliveira beat Anwar Ahmed, this year's SAC Erindale chair. Ahmed, who didn't campaign, said he hoped students would vote him into office based on his experience at SAC.

"I lost. I've had people telling me I should have campaigned, but I'd rather shy away from the spotlight and let my experience talk," said Ahmed. "It's what you do that counts."

Ahmed said he will still be involved in student politics even though he doesn't hold a position on either ECSU or SAC.

"You haven't seen the end of me," said Ahmed.

> "They [students] made my job easier by choosing Chauhan. I won't have to train her very much because she already knows about all the issue."
> – Laurie Schirripa

The new council is also comprised of Lisa Capobianco, vice-president of administration; Kelly Gilbert, advertising director; Mary Halopulos, services coordinator; Fred Amirhoushmand, special projects director; Sean O'Leary, clubs commissioner; and Peter Shams, college affairs commissioner.

Left: Re-elected ECSU members, from left to right, Lisa Capobianco, Rose Oliveira, and Preena Chauhan celebrate their victories last Thursday night at the Blind Duck Pub.
Chauhan won ECSU presidency in a landslide victory – she defeated her closest opponent by about two-hundred votes.
Below: Simon Bahsous, Chauhan's biggest competition, rushes from the BDP before election results are announced.
Bahsous got about two-hundred student votes. *photos/Nuvera Mizra*

SAC election results

Last week, SAC election results were also announced.

Adam Bretholtz and his running mate Liza Miller are the new SAC president and vice-president respectively.

For Erindale, Christopher Allsop, Sommer-Anne Dhun, Neil Menezes, Asif Mohammed, Nicole Phillips, and Junaid Yousef are elected directors.

Students approve four referendum questions

BY MARK BUDGELL

U of T students voted yes to four of six SAC referendum questions last week, which means student fees will increase next year. Students will pay an extra dollar for orientation week, a dollar for day-care, and 25 cents more for a solar vehicle project, a student initiative to develop solar power technologies.

The money for orientation week was approved by students on the condition that SAC ask administration for matching funds.

Students also approved an $18.53 increase in fees to maintain the 80 per cent drug coverage they currently receive, but they will lose their vision coverage after voting against paying an extra $33.09 to maintain it.

Students will also lose their 80 per cent dental coverage, which included a dental exam every five months and endodontic and periodontic coverage after they voted against a $35.23 increase to maintain these services. As a result, students will only be covered for 60 per cent of their dental fees and dental exam frequency will be reduced to nine months

SAC was forced to ask students to pay more for the SAC health plan and for dental care coverage because the insurance companies increased their rates and would no longer provide the same coverage for the same price. SAC, in accordance with a previous referendum, was allowed to increase student fees by 10 per cent without holding a new referendum, but the increased amounts for both the health and dental plans were insufficient to maintain the same coverage.

The Medium referendum

Erindale part-time students voted against establishing a $4 fee to fund The Medium. Currently only full-time students pay for the newspaper although anyone can pick up a copy at Erindale and downtown. Only a few students voted and the referendum was lost by a slim margin – fourtcen votes against, eleven votes in favour.

Robert Price, editor-in-chief of The Medium, said he is not pleased with the outcome of the referendum.

"I'm disappointed. I still think part-time students should help pay for a service they benefit from, use, and participate in."

"It was close and it was fair. Maybe, the referendum will work if it's held in first semester instead of second. In second semester students are overwhelmed – they have their own elections and exams. If they feel bombarded, maybe they're more likely to vote against these types of increases. I'm sure we'll try again."

What's Inside

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QUOTE OF THE WEEK
"What a bunch of freeloaders"
– Robert Price, page 4

http://medium.sa.utoronto.ca
ECC meeting:
Wed, April 5, 3:30 p.m.
Council Chamber, SB

LAST TOONIE TUESDAY - April 4
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Kutasi reflects on year as SAC vice-president

By Duncan Koerber

Student politicians often have no idea what they are getting into when they run for elected office. Paul Kutasi, the current SAC vice-president and Erindale student, was not a naïve student politician, yet he still could not have prepared for what he faced this past year.

After winning the vice-presidency in 1999, Kutasi was immediately forced to deal with the unexpected – a complete breakdown of the SAC-funded FM radio station, CIUT.

"CIUT was in the worst financial shape imaginable," says Kutasi. "We came close about five, six, seven times to actually turning off the signal, which would have meant the end of CIUT."

Barely settled in office, Kutasi says he worked 12 hour days to keep CIUT from bankruptcy, calling bill collectors, lawyers, and bankers to satisfy creditors and secure more money. CIUT's problems extended from finances to on-air programming. According to Kutasi, when he came into office in April, only 3 per cent of the volunteers at the student-funded station were students.

"Community members were taking over CIUT," says Kutasi. "And they were trying to systematically throw out students, no matter what students said. It was a kind of inner circle that tried to keep CIUT in the community. That's good for a certain percentage of people, but the community members just wanted CIUT to be a community station. They forgot it is also a student station. And now it is starting to turn around." Kutasi has to relinquish his role with CIUT in June. "I left because it was taking up way too much of my time," he says.

A bit of a nuisance for Kutasi came in September when some students created an "anti-orientation" to rival SAC's traditional orientation. The leaders of the anti-orientation were reacting against what they saw as excessive corporate presence in SAC's student orientation. Kutasi felt that the rival group didn't really understand the reality of SAC's orientation.

"They thought our orientation was more corporate than anyone else, however, they failed to see that we actually had fewer corporations and zero banks compared to last year. And last year's SAC was a lot more left-wing and a lot more anti-corporate than any other in past history."

Kutasi says he was disheartened by the anti-orientation because "it was actually fracturing the university as opposed to where orientation is supposed to bring everyone together."

Perhaps the biggest Erindale issue for SAC was the Student Centre convenience store. SAC offered to run the store to provide students with cut-rate food and drinks. However, after SAC was awarded the space, it was informed of exclusivity deals that prevented the sale of "anything that would make the store successful," says Kutasi. Exclusivity deals prevented duplication of food services and sales. The convenience store would not have been allowed to sell the same snack items that are already available at the book store counter or Tim Horton's. The store was even restricted from selling cartons of milk, although the sale of bags of milk was allowed. These sorts of restrictions forced SAC to give up on the project. Currently, the space allocated for a convenience store remains empty. Kutasi warns against exclusivity deals like this one because while the initial cash payment from the companies involved helps the campus, the prices of products go up at the same time. "It's all great, but it's not worth it because students will pay more in the end. I think the school should involve a majority of students on these committees that they strike up [to consider food contracts in the future]."

Outgoing SAC vice-president Paul Kutasi reflects on his year in office.

"We make up the majority of this campus, we should be making the majority of these committees making these decisions."

Despite the sudden and often surprising problems that he faced, Kutasi would prefer to remember the positives. He was successful in setting up a bursary program that he and Lenner promised in their election campaign. In its budget, SAC was able to find room for $75,000 in bursaries, and Kutasi helped to successfully lobby the school for an additional $36,000. In total, about $109,000 will be given to 219 students.

"Although $500 is by no means going to solve everyone's problems, it is nice – it pays for rent, pays for food, pays for books. It's a good start. I worked incredibly hard to get our bursary up and running – it's probably the largest bursary any campus organization runs," says Kutasi. He hopes that the incoming SAC executive will continue the bursary fund next year.

Kutasi has also begun discussions on a student centre for the St. George campus. It's a long process, he says, but the initial response he has received is positive. Kutasi understands the problems the Erindale Student Centre has faced, but he believes its inability to attract students is caused by the presence of the South Building Meeting Place, which remains an attraction for students. Kutasi believes the situation downtown is much worse, and that it's "a dead campus."

"Because of the geography, it's a lot more spread out. Erindale has its systemic problems because it seems like a high school, yet there's still more of a community because it's so much smaller and there's more interaction with many people. People you meet constantly. Downtown, people come in, go to class, go out. There's such a lack of student activity space and prayer space downtown." The St. George student centre project is now only in its early stages.

Even though Kutasi faced problems he never expected and spent an excessive amount of time on work when he could have pursued more enjoyable activities, Kutasi says he has learned many lessons in office.

"I've learned so many skills. I kind of wish I got involved a bit earlier—maybe a year earlier. People asked me to get involved earlier but I was a bit too shy."

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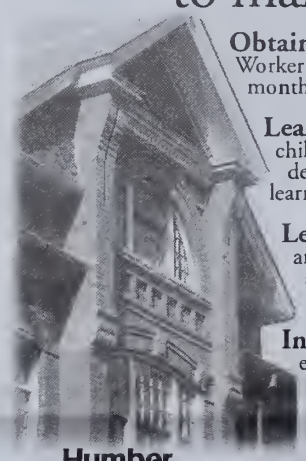

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Thank You

I'd like to thank everyone, both students and faculty, who helped make The Medium a successful newspaper this year. Many students volunteered their time to write and take photographs for the news section. For their contributions, I thank Michael Schmidt, Christopher Allsop, Matt Hunter, Amy Rayon, Elena Marceau, Sumbal Malik, Nuvera Mizra, Tracy Moniz, Adam Giles, Duncan Koerber, Avril Loreti, Lisa Cook, and Lynda Kim.

I'd also like to thank members of both UTM student councils for their input. I thank all of ECSU – Laurie Schirripa, Preena Chauhan, Andy Baghaei, Carmen Ali, Steve Pontet, Rose Oliveira, Lisa Capobianco, and Grace Subrata. I thank Anwar Ahmed, SAC Erindale chair.

Many faculty members also volunteered their time to meet with staff from the paper. For this, I thank Principal McNutt, Glenn Walker, and the rest of administration at UTM.

I also thank the rest of The Medium staff for a great, informative, year

A special thanks to Guy Allen for teaching us all we know.

Yours Truly,

Mark Budgell

News Editor

Residence head don position terminated

Replaced with residence manager

BY TRACY MONIZ

The head don is gone.

The Residence Management Team has decided to eliminate the position of residence head don in favour of a residence manager. While the Residence Manager will still be responsible for overseeing the rest of the dons, he or she will also have the added responsibility of maintaining the building itself – checking that doors are locked in the evenings, reporting damages, being responsible for general upkeep and repairs.

"The residence manager will also be the students' first contact in emergency situations," said Mike Lavelle, director of residence.

"I think it's a great idea. It'll provide much more consistency, and we need that," said Christina Hosein, residence head don. "The only down side is that a student won't have the opportunity to be the head don anymore."

Beginning next year, dons will be responsible to first-year residence students only.

"There is a big difference between first-year students and those in senior year. First-year students require much more counselling and support work," said Lavelle. For this reason, the position of Residence Assistant (R.A.) has been created to manage all senior level students in residence.

> "There is a big difference between first-year students and those in senior year. First-year students require much more counselling and support work."
> – Mike Lavelle

According to Lavelle, the role of the R.A. will be much less involved than that of the don.

"R.A.s will primarily take care of any emergency situations that may arise, perform house checks, and make sure that things are in order."

"I think that this change will be very beneficial to freshmen coming in," said Carol Ann Ryan, residence don.

Next year, there will be approximately nine dons living in phase six, a ratio of one don to about thirty first-year students, while four R.A.s will be responsible for the remaining second-, third-, and forth-year students – a ratio of approximately one R.A. to one hundred students.

Another significant change in next year's residence structure is that dons will no longer be in charge of organizing social events for residence students.

"There are about 300 senior and 300 freshmen. It's impossible as it is now to run events for this number of students," said Hosein. As a result, students will be responsible for organizing their own events throughout all residences.

First-year students will elect a residence council made up of their peers to be responsible for running social events.

"In the past, the dons did a lot of the work, and in many cases, students did not show up for the events," said Lavelle. "This way the students do it themselves, and run the events that they want. We have to see who will take over the responsibility. That's how you create leaders," he said.

Senior students will also have to elect a representative council within each phase to be responsible for planning social activities.

According to Lavelle, these changes came about because of the structure of Phase Six.

"It's a necessary change because of this building (Phase Six). We're all living here in this space together, as opposed to living separately in individual townhouses."

Andrew Kim is the new residence manager.

BDP gets rent rebate, again

BY MARK BUDGELL

The Duck will nest in the Student Centre for free next year.

The Student Centre management board forgave next year's rent for the Blind Duck Pub in a meeting last week. This is the second time the management board has forgiven the Blind Duck Pub's rent – earlier this year, the board reduced the pub's rent to $16,000 and then eliminated it altogether.

ECSU president Laurie Schirripa is pleased with the news.

"I'm very pleased," said Schirripa. "Initially, I was concerned that ECSU would lose control of the pub's space [if it didn't pay rent]. But I was reassured that the pub's space is still under the jurisdiction of the pub manager and ECSU."

The board was able to forgive the rent because members discovered extra money in the Student Centre budget after the building's operations and programming costs were over-estimated. For instance, the budget allocated $50,000 to pay the salary of a full-time manager even though one was not hired and $10,000 to pay for special speakers.

> "I think it was very important that student media brought attention to the issue and highlighted it as a student concern."
> – Laurie Schirripa

"A lot of the programming money was unrealistic. For example, there was $10,000 budgeted for speakers, which is just ludicrous," said Schirripa.

"I think it was very important that student media brought attention to the issue and highlighted it as a student concern."

The pub's rent almost doubled this year when it moved from the old portable along the Five-minute Walk into the Student Centre.

South Building Evacuated

The South Building was evacuated last Wednesday after chemicals were poured down a bathroom drain, formed a chemical reaction, and produced toxic fumes. Fire fighters took several hours to clear the air.

photo/Richie Mehta

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Editorial

THE MEDIUM

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Election low down

It's over.

U of T full-time students elected a new SAC and approved a whole whack of incidental fee increases. UTM full-time students chose its council for next year. UTM part-time students opted to reject The Medium.

Huh?!

We asked part-timers for $4.00 to help support publishing The Medium and they chose not to contribute. What a bunch of freeloaders. When we see you with a paper, maybe we'll rip it out of your hands and give it to a full-time student. You should feel guilty.

Here's an interesting thought. Part-time students read The Medium, but don't pay for the service. Part-time students pay for the Student Centre, but don't use it – at the very least, they don't have an office in the building.

Across the university, full-time students voted to support $20.78 worth of new incidental fees.

Students will contribute $1.00 towards orientation, $18.53 to maintain their drug coverage, 25 cents for a student-directed solar vehicle project, and $1.00 to subsidize day care.

Figure that out.

At Erindale, full-time students chose experience over crafty politics. We're happy with next year's ECSU council. The executive, led by president Preena Chauhan, vice-president of finance Rose Oliveira, and vice-president of administration Lisa Capobianco, has the experience the council will need to move forward.

It'll be an interesting year for sure. ECSU has a good head on its shoulders and should, unless they slack off, get things done. SAC has a lot more money to play with (assuming most students forget to opt out).

Yes, it's over.

Well, almost.

Now for exams.

The Medium 2001-2002

We held our elections and we've got a good editorial for next year.

Richie Mehta – Editor-in-chief
Adam Giles – News editor
Tracy Moniz – Features editor
Jennifer Matotek – Arts and Entertainment editor
Nuvera Mirza – Photography editor

Good luck next year.

For those students who want to be part of The Medium's editorial board but forgot to apply, we still need a sports editor and a composite editor.

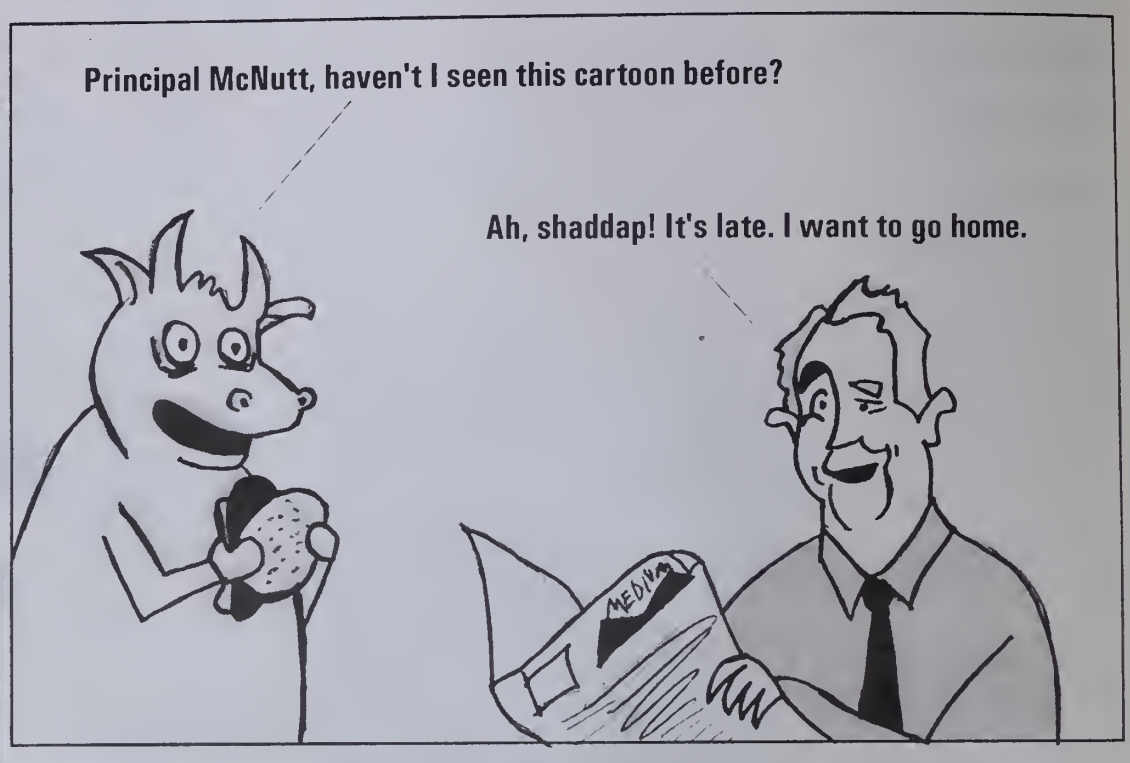
Candidates for composite editor should be skilled layout artists with knowledge of Photoshop and Quark Xpress.

Candidates for sports editor should understand sports and know how write.

We'll hire two interim editors and hold by-elections for these positions in September.

Students who drive and are interested in making $50 per week for three hours of work should apply for the position of distribution manager. Drop off a resume at The Medium.

The Medium is published weekly by Medium II Publications, a non-profit, incorporated student organization. The opinions expressed within are those of the writers and editors and do not necessarily reflect those of Medium II Publications. The Medium's mandate is to inform students of local and national concerns, and give Erindale College students an opportunity to practice journalism. Retail and community advertising provided exclusively by The Mississauga News. National advertising provided exclusively by Campus Network. Adam Giles courtesy of Goodman Steam Engines. The Medium plays Les Paul air guitars and Sabian air cymbals exclusively.



Letter and Opinion

Final thoughts from Hosein

Opinion

By Christina Hosein

As I look back on my five years here at Erindale, I'm struck by how much has happened in my life in such as short period of time. I've had a priceless experience at this university, living in residence, and majoring in both the arts and the sciences. I've done my share of complaining, as well as my share of trying to make a difference, and I've learned a few things about this journey along the way. Some things I'd encourage faculty, administration and students to think about now and next year are:

1. Defining EDUCATION and LEARNING as it applies to Campus Life, and ***then*** letting everyone else in on it.

2. If we are going to place value on extracurricular activities, student leadership or athletic achievement, this University must recognize and support it in the same way that academics are supported. Otherwise, we are simply misleading students by telling them to get involved, because it takes the focus off of our priority – academics.

3. Why is it that Type A personalities, who are considered aggressive, hostile, overburdened, stressed and at high risk for physical deterioration, are accepted to graduate school on a significantly higher proportion than the more relaxed, well-adjusted and stable Type B personalities? What message does this send to undergraduates?

4. Why is it that the Operating Budget for U of T does not support any student societies, transportation, health services costs, career centre costs and most importantly, athletics funding? What message does this send to students?

5. Why is it that the course evaluations that students fill out in classes are not used for the purposes of professor promotion, tenure or TA evaluation? Is it that students' opinions on teaching are not valid because we do not yet have Ph.D's?

6. Why don't students know exactly what their incidental fees pay for? Why shouldn't they know that they pay for Child Care, Alcohol Use Monitoring, Handbook fees and Sex Education? Or that we pay several times in different places for athletics, or that we pay for ECSU, SAC, ECARA as members, but that we *also* pay their rent?

7. Why isn't the University Mission Statement on a wall somewhere? Don't students need that information?

8. Why were only a few of the Task Force on Year One's recommendations (that took a year to devise) ever implemented?

9. Why is it that we don't have enough money for buses, courses, books, supplies, and renovations, but faculty salaries are the largest portion of the budget?

I could go on forever about these issues. Fortunately, the other thing that I learned along the way is that there is a solution for each and every problem that UTM faces. It requires a partnership between students, faculty and administration. When students become equal partners in this educational pursuit, then and only then will their education be complete. So my parting words to the UTM community are these: will the U of T community step up and challenge the status quo, by demanding real excellence from all of its members, in the pursuit of learning and education, and in developing a caring community for students, faculty and administration? It's your choice.

Make the most of these years. They're over before you know it.

Uganda's in for more trouble

Dear Editor,

I have just returned from a six week internship in Uganda. My friends told me of the cult death on my drive to the airport. It had happened on a Friday and on Sunday the news had begun to spread.

I had just come from the war-torn north and had talked with children who had been abducted by the rebels, who had escaped and who hoped to rejoin their families and villages.

My host organization for my visit, CPAR, runs a reintegration and conflict resolution program in Gulu, Northern Uganda. The children are counselled to return to their villages and their villagers counselled to reaccept them. Some of the children attend a technical school built by CPAR to learn trades, like brickmaking, tailoring and carpentry.

It was the matter-of-fact way my friends told me of the cult death that, in retrospect, amazes me. Like them, I too had become accustomed to news of happenings that were violent, senseless, and seemingly random. In the north I had visited internally displaced persons camps where, every day the threat of rebels abducting children, looting and killing residents is a reality.

The initial body count my friends had heard had been one hundred fifty. With that count, relative to the civil war that has been going on for fifteen years between the Lord's Resistance Army (the rebels) and the Uganda People's Defense Force (the government), the incident seemed tragic yet just one of many.

The structures that CPAR builds such as the technical school and the health clinics in the camps showed to me that the civil war is ongoing and long term. Uganda may be in more trouble than some of us are aware.

Sincerely,

John Currie

LETTERS

Graduating student bitching

Dear Medium,

On the eve of the happiest day of my life – my departure from this "high school" that I have called "university" for so many years, I feel that I have earned the right to say a few words. It baffles me that a place so small can be full of so much crap. I would love for your readers to enlighten me on my many observations thus far. For example, why is it necessary for so many girls at this campus to continually dress as though they are headed to Club 108 after class? I have yet to find the mysterious dance club located deep inside the basement. It appears that others have difficulty locating it too, as they have apparently turned the library into their socializing hot-spot. Please, don't confuse me by believing that people on this campus are actually friendly, because God knows I have tried, but so many of you apparently have a considerably large pickle up your ass. If you're content to go through your time here making no effort, well go right ahead. You're going to find it very lonely. While we're on the topic, what's with the racial segregation at this campus? Okay, go ahead, call me politically incorrect or whatever, but we all know it's true. Just look at the South Building, it's pathetic.

Other thoughts to ponder: why is it that the staff of Tim Horton's is so goddamn slow and rude? If I ask for a sesame seed bagel with butter, why do you insist on giving me a poppy seed with cream cheese? Why do you insist on talking with your co-workers about your fascinating shopping spree while I wait to be served. It's called customer service guys, and you don't have it.

When will the Registrar's Office finally increase their staff? How wonderful would it be to go in there one day and find more than just one little man behind the counter.

What was with the public fight that The Medium had with Mike Thomas in the editorial pages last month? Doesn't he have a right to question the services we are paying for? Your handling of the situation was really unprofessional and petty. Has anyone but me noticed the cabinet in South that has the same pictures of last year's Medium and SAC staff? Was it really that hard for someone to try and update it? After all, we are in Aprilyou have had eight monthssorry, guess you were too busy picking fights to realize.

Will there ever be more than just one bank machine and campus card dispenser on campus? What the hell are we supposed to do when it isn't working?

If we haven't actually got around to reading a particular book in class, why is it that when we do, the bookstore has sent all the books back. I know it may be a difficult concept, but seriously, why should an entire class have to go searching for a book at Chapters that should have been in the bookstore to begin with?

Since the gym did increase its fees this year, what's with the reduction in aerobics classes? I find it difficult to work my schedule around the one measly aerobics class per day.

Why did they build the new Student Centre? Sure, it's pretty nice, but exactly what was wrong with the way things were before? It seems to me that people still hang out in the South Building, and the pub will never be the same again.

Just once can a T.A. please give out an A? If you have a long list of positive things to say and nothing negative, why must it be always be A-. Why, why, why?

It seems to me that the current elections are completely useless. We all know that most of you will do absolutely nothing if elected, so why even bother? I would love to have run as the candidate who promises from the very beginning to do absolutely nothing, but I've had too many essays lately. Sorry.

In light of my observations, I feel that I would be a valuable spokesperson for potential U of T candidates. When I see group tours headed around South Building, I want to pull them aside, slap them upside the head and say, "What are you thinking? Get out of here!" I take pride in the fact that I have already managed to turn several prospects away.

As I leave, I'd like to say one final word to the "Graditude" Committee. Screw you! How dare you insult me by increasing my fees every single year, and then trying to suck my blood upon graduation. You will never get another penny from me again, so bugger off.

Adios muchachos and please take note. This place doesn't have to be so completely miserable.

Carolyn Jones

Don clarifies policy

Dear Editor,

Regarding last week's front story about the ECSU presidential campaign speeches, there was an erroneous statement made about residence. The updated Residence Drug Policy does not state that rooms can be entered and searched.

The policy has clearly not said that since September, 1999, when the new updated policy was circulated.

Christina Hosein
UTM Residence Head Don

Editorial sabotaged election, says reader

Dear Editor,

Ounce [sic] again The Medium has subjected us to a brilliant piece of writing, entitled, "Presidential Picks." As I started to read this editorial and realized it was all about favouritism, I fumbled to find the author. Surely, The Medium could not have permitted itself to sink to such a low. Sure enough, the article, accompanied by such claims as "supporting candidatesis like trying to decide between shattered glass and sandpaper – what is more comfortable?" unquestioningly revealed their stupidity. Maybe you should have done as you say you usually do and stayed out of it. I refuse to believe that this newspaper has never heard of a concept called 'slander,' of which they can at the very least be accused of doing.

> "I refuse to believe that this newspaper has never heard of a concept called 'slander,' of which they can at the very least be accused of doing."

As a newspaper, people turn to you for current event news, not advice on important decisions. Although I realize this was in the editorial section, the damage is nevertheless done. Although it is hard to believe, perhaps some people will now actually be influenced by your article, and be pressured into doing exactly what it is you said to do. Perhaps the candidates you speak so highly of paid you off? Who knows, it certainly would seem that way.

Was this really more important to say then to abide by your impartiality oath? The students are not idiots. If you think the candidates are unworthy of office, and if what you said about them are the facts, then don't you think the students could have seen that for themselves? I guess we will never know now since you have succeeded in sabotaging the elections.

Michele Christianson

Ahmed wants an alternative

First of all, I would like to congratulate the ECSU of 2000-2001. I have nothing but respect for the ECSU of 1999-2000, as well as the new ECSU. I also have to acknowledge the fact that it was Preena Chauhan who got me involved in student affairs three years ago and I am not only thankful, but I also look up to her.

Opinion

BY YOUSEF AHMED

For three years, I've been running my campaigns not for the heck of it, but for the sake of changing the status quo. Among the things that I've been trying to do are to increase morale at Erindale, promote accountability and accessibility of the student leadership, and promote equity and multiculturalism on campus. A lack of awareness about what goes on and a weak flow of information from the students to their union and vice versa are a major problem on campus. This stops the decision making power from being in the hands of many. Three years is a long time to get an idea of how these changes can be made.

I do not mean to slander anyone, but I wish to point out that it was interference and public endorsement by ECSU of certain individuals that have cost me the elections two years in a row. People in power should not be allowed to endorse a person running for office because their opinion is not taken as an opinion of their person, but an opinion of their office. Since they are the people in contact with the people who care to vote, their request to vote for a certain individual is an indication of who the best candidate is. Although in reality, it is just mutual backscratching. So regardless of whether they are the best candidate or not, for those who wish to make deals the option is always available. Partiality may be viewed as a curtailment of democracy, but it is not a result of wrongdoings of individuals, but a failure of the system. When a system fails, it needs to be either improved or replaced by a better one.

> This new union would work together with ECSU and PTS@UTM for the betterment of all students at Erindale.

I am thankful to the 254 students for believing in me. The support I have received is not because of deals that I have cut, but for what I have been trying to accomplish over the years. Hence, I'm not alone in wanting to see some changes occur. Since these changes cannot be made from within ECSU, there is a need for a new body independent of ECSU to look after the interests of the students.

Creation of this body will not only provide efficiency both in ECSU and the new union due to competition, but will also result in greater accountability to the students. This new union would work together with ECSU & PTS@UTM for the betterment of all students at Erindale. I would like all who really do want to improve student life for themselves and others, to come forward and be a part of this in any capacity they desire. Please contact me at aeusuph@hotmail.com.

Remember, I cannot do this on my own.

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"...go and get a day job..."

Cyrus accelerated past a group of pedestrians, fished around a pack of parked cars, and weaved between lamp posts. The front bumper splashed off a speed bump as we tore around the outer circle.

Life at the Centre

BY ROBERT PRICE

Cyrus turned to me and put his arm around my seat. "You know what I'm going to do for you? I'm going to write a testimonial about how the architecture of the Blind Duck made me want to quit drinking. I'm serious. That building is awful."

I nodded and looked at the Student Centre through the leafless trees that line the south pond. "It's a building with a lot of adjectives but not a lot of verbs," I said.

Yoy-ee-yoy-yoyyy-yoy. Yoy-ee-yoy-yoyy-yoy.

At the pub, Adam, Lennox, and I stood beside the curtained wall and discussed the ECSU elections. While we talked, Bill staggered beside me and clasped his hand on my shoulder. Bill is an experienced pubber and fan of The Medium. He rubbed his shaved head and tried to blink the booze and smoke from his eyes. He pointed at Lennox and Adam and then at me." You know this guy here?" Bill asked Lennox and Adam. "He's the editor of the paper. He quoted me in the paper. I showed the article to my parents and they said, 'What? You couldn't make it in for anything academic?' And I'm like, 'Ah man!' But what do I know, I'm just a drunk idiot. Whatever."

We laughed. Bill laughed, took a sip of his drink to wet his lips, then started into a drunk tirade.

"You know, being Irish is a handicap. My parents think I should be able to get drunk and get good marks! Ah man! And why do those people bother writing letters about The Medium? Don't they know that it's comic relief, man? Why don't they just go get jobs or something? This campus is so dull anyways. Why go to Erindale anyways? To get drunk and laid. I got a degree in anthropology and I got this friend right who went to College – he went to college, right! – and he got a job working on the 'Y2K' problem for like a thousand-dollars an hour and I'm like 'Ah man.' Whatever."

Bill took a half step back, then a step forward, and leaned in to our group.

"And what's with those people who write letters to The Medium, anyways? Like, go and get a day job or something. God. Whatever," he scoffed and rubbed his shaved head. "You know what I mean? Opinions are like assholes – everyone's got one and everybody thinks everyone else's stinks," Bill said.

Yoy-ee-yoy-yoyyy-yoy. Yoy-ee-yoy-yoyy-yoy.

For a joke we programmed Mark's computer to sing "Yelli," a song by the Baka forest people, a tribe of natives who live deep in the heart of the jungles of Cameroon, every time he exits a program. Mark is computer illiterate (although he somehow knows how to use Microsoft Media player), and he can't turn the song off.

At the end of the day Mark will stand, put on his jacket, and exit Microsoft Word. The computer will sing *Yoy-ee-yoy-yoyyy-yoy. Yoy-ee-yoy-yoyy-yoy* and he'll huff and curse, and we'll laugh.

Sometimes it starts singing for no reason at all – *Yoy-ee-yoy-yoyyy-yoy. Yoy-ee-yoy-yoyy-yoy* – and he'll huff and curse and we'll laugh.

> UTM is a starting ground for the real world where students can own and operate their own newspapers and radio stations, where students can challenge authority. But for some reason the majority of Erindalians aren't interested in these things.

Yoy-ee-yoy-yoyyy-yoy. Yoy-ee-yoy-yoyy-yoy

I've been with The Medium for five years now. I started as a volunteer writer and photographer, worked two years as news editor, and finished off as editor-in-chief. This is what I've learned: there are two kinds of people on campus (and in life, I suppose): the informed and the uninformed. The informed aren't necessarily the ones who score the highest grades. They are the ones who know what is happening in the world around them, who follow the news, who contribute to their community. They are the ones who can form an educated opinion.

The uninformed aren't necessarily the ones who score the lowest grades. They are the ones who let the world, their country, their city, and their college make decisions for them. They are the ones who don't vote, who don't know who their leaders are, who don't know the rules, who never learned how to ask questions. They are the ones who don't try. UTM is a starting ground for the real world where students can practice being a president, where students can own and operate their own newspapers and radio stations, where students can challenge authority.

> "'Sense?' Does anything make sense at Erindale? Our Student Centre is perfect for this campus. It's art mimicking life. It's dull with a few spots of colour. It's understated, kind of awkward, misshapen and ignored. But it has lots of potential. That's Erindale."

But for some reason the majority of Erindalians aren't interested in these things.

When Tracy asked me, "Aren't you going to miss The Medium?" I thought: I edit the paper. I sell advertising at UTM. I coordinate our national and local advertising sales department. I work weekends. I go weeks without pay. I deal with complaints. I sit through boring meetings. I receive hate mail. No, I won't miss that.

I'm going to miss the informed people I met at Erindale. I'm going to miss working with the opinionated pricks at The Medium and the zealous student unionists. I'm going to miss big-deal politics on the small-time campus. I'm going to miss exposing uninformed idiots. I'm going to miss pissing on other people's plans and spreading my stinking opinions across The Medium every week. Fuck, I'm going to miss swearing in print.

Yoy-ee-yoy-yoyyy-yoy. Yoy-ee-yoy-yoyy-yoy

Cyrus and I skidded into the Office Place parking lot, bought glue sticks, then walked to Harvey's for a late lunch.

"So what's going to happen to the paper next year?" he asked me with food in his mouth.

He asked because he won't be returning, Mark and I are graduating, former editor-in-chief Duncan will still hang around, of course, but in no great capacity, and Richie, next year's editor-in-chief, has been the arts and entertainment editor for two years. What does Richie know about campus politics or running a newspaper, some people had asked me. People mistakenly think that I'm the only thing holding the newspaper together.

"Well, Richie will be in charge, Adam will be take care of the news section," I replied. "They'll have to work closely, but they'll get the job done. They'll have plenty to write about next year, now that UTM has the new CCIT programme to start up, a new academic building to construct, and a new master plan for the campus to finish off. There will be plenty to write about."

"Do you think the Student Centre will ever make sense?" Cyrus asked.

The Student Centre has been a major issue all year. It is supposed to be the heart of student life at UTM, but came up short in its first year. It's too small, too cold, too empty.

"'Sense?' Does anything make sense at Erindale? Our Student Centre is perfect for this campus. It's art mimicking life. It's dull with a few spots of colour. It's understated, kind of awkward, misshapen and ignored. But it has lots of potential. That's Erindale."

Yoy-ee-yoy-yoyyy-yoy. Yoy-ee-yoy-yoyy-yoy.

"You want to know why we lost that game?" Bill asked us and sipped from his drink.

Bill plays ball hockey, and from what I gather from his confession, he's quite good.

"Because we were high on cocaine!" He laughed. "Hey, my team likes to party. There we were in the change room before the game, sucking up lines before the game. I was on the floor, and I was like, whoa, this isn't good." He laughed. "Whatever. We were trying to quit, but we were like, this is the last game."

"Ah man! Why do those people bother writing letters about The Medium? Why don't they just go get jobs or something? Why go to Erindale anyways? I told my mom after second year that I didn't want to go back and she was like, 'Why not? You already put in two years, what's another two years?' And I was like, 'Alright,' and now I'm like, 'Ah man! I should have been a plumber.' Whatever."

Yoy-ee-yoy-yoyyy-yoy. Yoy-ee-yoy-yoyy-yoy.

I came to work early on my last Saturday. I kicked through papers to my cluttered desk, ate a bag of chips and drank a Coke for breakfast. I placed the empty can beside a mould-crusted bottle on Nadia's desk.

I sat down in front of my computer, put on my thinking cap, and started writing. The sun came through the window. I heard a native step through the underbrush and sing his jungle song: *Yoy-ee-yoy-yoyyy-yoy. Yoy-ee-yoy-yoyy-yoy.* Mark's computer is happy this is the last issue too.

REALM

China White By Avril Loreti

The Medium welcomes back REALM – UTM's annual art and literature magazine – eight pages filled with the creativity of Erindale's finest.

Because there are not enough student submissions of prose, poetry or photography for The Medium to publish on a weekly basis, all submissions are collected for the final issue, and the choice pieces are printed in REALM. This year, the majority of the non-fiction prose submissions came from Professional Writing students, while the photography came from students across all disciplines.

REALM is a starting ground for students to showcase their talent. It provides students with an opportunity to experiment, to tap into their artistic side, and to put their work out there, in print, before an audience of their peers.

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My Cousin's Wedding
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Cherub By Kai-Lii Veer

Jeff's Lot

By Emile Ferlisi

It's 3:30 on the Friday afternoon of the 1999 Labour-Day weekend. I lay on the blue couch in my living room and wait for Jeff to call. I have just come home from work. I take a nap with the phone beside my head. I know the ring will wake me up when Jeff calls. The phone rings and I wake up with a startle.

"Hello"

"Emile, will you be ready soon?"

"Yah, I'll be ready in like fifteen minutes."

"Okay, I'll come get you in a while then." Jeff hangs up.

I jump off of my couch and walk upstairs into my bedroom. My blue duffle bag sits on my bed. I walk into my washroom, grab my tooth brush and throw it into the duffle bag on top of my three T-shirts, jogging pants, sweater and jeans that I've packed along with my bathing suit and towel. "This should be fun," I say to myself.

Jeff had invited me, Tarek, Ricardo, John, and Luka to spend the Labour-day weekend at his lot in Mid-Land Ontario. "We'll have a blast," Jeff had promised. "We can water ski and tube ride and everything!" When Jeff mentioned the water-skiing, he hooked me. I couldn't refuse.

At 4:00 Jeff pulls up my driveway in his red, 1999, Ford F-150 pickup truck. The truck pulls his boat, a white, twelve footer, made for fishing and recreation, with a silver 55 horsepower Honda outboard motor.

"That's a nice boat," I say as I hand Jeff my duffle bag.

"Don't fuck around. You get pulled with this thing." Jeff puts my duffle bag into the bag of the truck.

I hear a horn honk. Luka, Tarek and John drive up my driveway in Luka's grey, 1988 Jeep Cherokee. Luka's window goes down.

"Are we going to pick up Ricardo now?" Luka asks.

"Yah man, let's leave now so we can beat the traffic," Jeff answers.

Tarek smiles at me, opens his door, steps outside of Luka's Jeep and lights a cigarette. I look into the back of Luka's Jeep and see John. John smiles. He sits squashed between Luka and Tarek's bags. Two boxes filled with potato chips, cases of Coke and Sprite, hot-dog buns and marshmallows sit in the trunk along with a large blue and white cooler, a smaller red cooler, two tent bags, and John's green duffle bag. I light a cigarette and smile at Tarek.

"Nice hat." Tarek wears a green "Star Wars" fisherman's hat.

"Thanks. It's perfect for camping out, isn't it."

"Yah man." I laugh.

We arrive at Ricardo's house at 4:30.

"You've got one of those things too?" I say and point at the beige fisherman's hat Ricardo wears.

"Yah, but Tarek's is cool, eh." Ricardo climbs into the back seat of Jeff's truck.

"Let's go. We're gonna hit traffic, let's go." Jeff throws Ricardo's brown knap-sack into the back of the truck and hops back into the driver's seat.

The drive to Midland drags, slowed by the traffic that Jeff hoped to beat on Highway 400. I sleep in the passenger seat of the truck. Periodically I wake up and hear Jeff and Ricardo talk, but my wakefulness never lasts long enough to understand what their conversation is about. I wake up and hear Jeff say, "This is where we have to put the boat into the water."

I look out of my window and see a lake. The lake is narrow. I see light from the windows of cottages on the shore across from us.

"Our lot is that one there, with the sand." Jeff points at an empty lot, a manmade beach.

"That's cool," Ricardo says. "You guys turned it into a beach."

"San an tone!" Jeff smiles.

San an tone is a phrase my friends and I have made up. The phrase started when Jeff and I were 17. Jeff saw a street named San Antonio and said "San an tone." The way those words came out of his mouth made everyone in his car at the time laugh. Since then, San-an has become its own language. We, my group of friends, use San-an as a prefix for any word, when we're in the mood. And around Jeff, for some reason, we always speak San-an. For example, to call someone stupid, instead of saying "you're stupid," we would say "san-an stupid." San-an, as a language, also cuts out unimportant words. For example, to say "tomorrow I will call that girl and we will go out for dinner," in san-an, you would say "tomorrow I call girl, we go dinner." Such a sentence could be followed with "an tone" or nothing at all, depending on the mood of the speaker. San-an has its own rules. To understand it you must spend time studying my friends and me while we speak it. When I think about it, I find it difficult to believe that my friends and I have created such an idiotic way to speak, but it is easier and funnier to speak San-an than it is to speak proper English.

"Antone!" Tarek calls out of his window as Luka parks his Jeep beside Jeff's truck on the shore of the lake.

Jeff backs the truck up. The boat, with the trailer, slowly sinks into the lake.

"Is that good yet?" Jeff calls out of his window.

"Uh, keep going." Ricardo answers.

Jeff backs the truck up. The rear tires of the truck slide into the lake. The muffler and back end of the truck sink slowly into the lake. Bubbles rise where the truck's exhaust pours out of its muffler. I laugh. Tarek laughs. Luka and John smile and fight their laughs.

"I think that's far enough!" Ricardo cries.

"What the fuck!" Jeff pulls the truck's parking brake and hops out of his door.

"Sorry man," Ricardo smiles.

"Antone, no problem. Untie the boat for me. I put truck in four wheel drive and pull out of lake no problem." Jeff hops back into his truck.

Ricardo walks into the lake, unties and guides the boat onto shore again.

"Antone, okay now, I can pull out?" Jeff yells out of his window.

"Yah, go Jeff," I answer. I pull a cigarette out of my pack of DuMaurier ultra-lights and light it.

Jeff's truck climbs out of the lake. Water drips from the back of the truck and the muffler bubbles for a few minutes after its escape from the lake.

"The lot is around the bend, just follow the road we were just on." Jeff says. "I have to drive the boat to the lot, then, Luka, you'll have to drive me back to pick up my truck again, okay."

Luka nods and drives off with John and Tarek.

"Good," Jeff laughs as he, Ricardo and I get in the boat. "Now, by the time we get to the lot, they'll already have the tents up."

I climb into the boat. Sand drags with me on my Adidas running shoes and spreads over the white, leather seats of the boat.

"Sorry Jeff." I point at the fresh sand on the seat beside me.

"Antone, boat dirty already," Jeff laughs.

Jeff starts the silver, 55 horse-power, Honda motor. The motor hums. The water behind the boat stirs and bubbles. I look across the lake. Small cottages, their colours hidden by the night, sit on large lots. Beside Jeff's lot is a large, half-finished cottage. Its wooden frame stands naked and waits to be finished. Dark trees stand scattered between the small cottages, their cousins now murdered and cleared away where cottages stand. In the dark of this night, the trees stand mournful. They slouch and bend with the wind. For a moment, as the motor hums and we skim over the water, I feel that we are trespassing here, barbarians claiming land not rightfully ours.

"Oh, this is cool." Ricardo pulls me from my thoughts.

I nod. The wind blows in my face and my eyes squint from the force of the air. My maroon Nike jacket clings to my chest, pushed by the wind, while my sleeves puff away from my arms, pushed by the wind.

"Here we are. Club Belo." Belo is Jeff's last name. We park the boat at the dock made of wooden planks, held afloat by its connection to a twenty-foot walkway, also made of wooden planks, and plastic barrels in the water below it.

Jeff guesses right about the tents. John, with the aid of a large Halogen flash light he brought, puts the rain-cover on the second tent as we walk along the walkway.

"Whoooa!" Ricardo slips. The dock shifts from left to right.

"That fuckin' thing can be dangerous.

continued on page 7

One Last Night

By Adam Giles

At seven o'clock in the evening on the last Saturday in August 1997, my friend Christine arrived at my house. I stepped into her small white Hyundai Accent and she drove us to my friend Richard's house. Once there, we walked up to Richard's front door.

"Here, you ring it," she said even though she stood closer to the doorbell.

"What?" I asked.

"Ring the bell," she said.

"What's the difference?" I asked.

"I just don't want to do it."

I reached around Christine, stared at her with an expressionless face, and pushed the doorbell. Richard opened the door and said, "What the hell are you ringing the bell for? How many times do I have to tell you, just walk in."

Christine stood silent. I held up my right middle finger at Richard and walked past Christine into his house. Christine followed silently. Christine and I bent over to untie our shoelaces and Richard said, "Don't take your shoes off."

Richard laughed and Christine and I followed him downstairs to his basement. On the way down I held up my camera and said to Christine, "I've got to get a picture of you tonight so I won't forget what you look like."

Christine looked at me with a straight face and said, "Okay."

Downstairs, Mike, Matt, Todd, and Geoff sat on an L-shaped couch and drank. Mike drank a Molson Canadian, Matt drank a Budweiser, and Todd and Geoff each drank Labatt's Blue.

Once downstairs, Christine and I took our shoes off and joined everyone on the couch. Richard picked his glass of rye and coke off the bar and pulled up a chair beside the couch.

"So this is it," I said.

"Yeah, this summer went way too fast," said Mike.

"So who's gonna be the first to drop out?" I asked.

"Not Rich," said Geoff, who was in his third year at McMaster University and the oldest out of all of us. "He'll be at Fraser for another year, while all you guys will be partying it up."

Everyone laughed. Matt laughed hysterically.

"Me," Christine said. "I'm gonna flunk out of Flemming in first year for sure."

"Grab a drink Giles," Richard told me.

I looked at Christine's empty hands and asked her, "Aren't you drinking anything?"

"No, my parents will kill me if they knew I drank," she said.

"You're fuckin' 18, Christine," I said. "You're still hiding it from your parents?"

"No, I don't drink at all," she said.

This caught Todd's ear and he said, "What a load of shit. I've seen you drink so many times. What about all those times you took sips from my drinks?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," Christine said through the smirk on her face.

"No, I'm not drinking tonight," I told Richard.

"What the fuck? Why not? It's the last time we'll all be together this summer," he said.

"I know. I just don't feel like drinking tonight," I said after I glanced at Christine's empty hands again.

"Alright fatty," Richard said.

"Fuck you, shorty," I said.

Richard's smile disappeared and his mouth opened. "Want me to kick your ass?" he said.

I laughed. "Yeah, let's see what you've got," I said.

Richard stood up. I stood up. We stood face to face but I looked down at him and he looked up at me. Richard laughed. I laughed. Richard turned around to find his seat and I grabbed his waist with both arms and tackled him to the ground. I held his arms behind his back and pulled him up so that he faced everyone sitting on the couch. "Free shots!" I yelled.

"No!" yelled Richard.

Mike and Todd stood up and motioned as if they were going to hit him, but then Richard's arms slipped free and he dove over the couch.

"Get him!" I yelled.

Todd and Mike leapt over the couch and caught up to Richard. I sat back down on the couch. Todd grabbed Richard's waist with both arms and tackled him to the ground. Todd held him down while Mike punched Richard in the arm over and over. Mike laughed. Todd laughed. Richard laughed. I took pictures. Everyone on the couch watched and laughed. After they let him go Richard said, "You fuckers."

Todd sat back down on the couch and Mike walked over to the huge stereo, pulled out a chair, and filed through the CDs he brought. He put on Bob Marley. Richard, Todd, and Geoff sang along to almost every word. Christine sat beside Todd, laid her head on his shoulder and they spoke together quietly. I took a picture.

"Put on 'Jump Around,'" Matt said.

"Fuck that," Mike said as he laughed.

After Mike turned his back Matt whispered, "Fuck you" and held up his middle finger at Mike.

I laughed.

"You and Mike should come to one of our pub nights at Sheridan in September," Matt said to me.

"What about me?" asked Richard.

"Pub nights aren't for high school kids," Matt said.

Mike and I laughed. Matt laughed. And Richard – Richard is a year older than Mike and I – cracked a smile.

"Yeah we should," I said. "And you can visit Mikey and I at Erindale's pub nights the next night."

"Oh yeah, your pub nights are on Thursdays," Matt said.

"Are they?" Mike asked.

"Yeah, I think so," I said. "This year is gonna be so good."

"Let's do some shots," Richard said. "Everyone's having one right?"

Everyone except for Christine agreed. Richard walked over to the bar and poured six shots of Jack Daniels. "Okay everyone take one. We're drinking them at the same time," he said.

I gave my camera to Christine. "Here, take a picture since you're not drinking one," I said. "Just push this button."

Richard, Todd, Geoff, Matt, Mike, and I all grabbed a shot glass and held it up facing Christine. With a flash, she snapped a picture. "Ready?" Richard asked. "To this summer."

We clanked glasses and Richard counted down, "Three, two, one..."

We threw our heads back, we threw the drink down our throats, and another bright flash went off. The next song that Mike programmed to play was "Show me love" by Robyn.

"What is this shit?" asked Geoff.

Mike looked at Geoff and said nothing. Then Mike put his arm around Matt, and Matt put his arm around me, and I put my arm around Richard, and Richard put his arm around Todd. We danced to the song – we raised our left legs in at the same time and, with the next beat, we raised our right legs at the same time. Another flash. After the song, we returned to the couch. I sat on the back edge of the couch and fell backwards so that I sat upside down next to Christine. I took my camera from her and handed it to Geoff.

"Hey man, can you take a picture of us?" I asked.

Geoff took my camera and, with a flash, snapped a picture.

"There, I got all I wanted tonight," I said.

Christine smiled...eventually.

The seven of us joked and laughed for the next few hours and the next day Christine packed and left for Sir Sanford Fleming College in Lindsay, Todd packed and left for Queens University in Kingston, Geoff packed and left for McMaster University in Hamilton, while Richard prepared for his fifth and final year at John Fraser Secondary School in Mississauga, Matt prepared for his second year at Sheridan College in Oakville, and Mike and I prepared for our first year at the University of Toronto in Mississauga.

Wall of Beer By Avril Loreti

Solitude I By Kai-Lii Veer

The Room

By Steve Kovacic

I pull out a piece of paper with the list of off-campus housing in the Mississauga area. It reads: Shared Accommodation. Room available for single non-smoker in the College and Sir Winston Boulevard area, parking, laundry facilities, available September 1st, $345/mo., utilities included, males preferred. 555-5555.

Ten minutes later I arrive at 1889 Colony Road in Mississauga. A gray-bricked house with protruding garage contrasts sharply with the oil-based paint on the white door.

I walk past the pine trees, the thick green bushes and elaborate front garden and make my way to the main entrance.

I ring the doorbell. 'Bong-Bing-Bong.' A dog barks, scrambles, and scurries towards the door, scratching its paws against the floor tiles.

Potpourri fills the brass mailbox on my right. The sweet-smelling fragrance fills the tiny five-foot by five-foot entranceway. A blue and white sticker on the door reads: PREMISES PROTECTED BY GOLAN SECURTIY. The bottom left corner of the sticker peels right above the Schlage dead-bolt lock. The foot of the vanilla-coloured door stands on a step six inches above the gray carpeted mat under my feet.

Moments later I hear the soft patter of footsteps. The peephole high above my head on the door darkens with a green eye. The doorknob turns. I hear the chiming of keys or bells and spy a woman with a thick mop of shortly-cropped hair peek through a crack in the door. A golden retriever pushes his thick whiskers past the door.

"Hello! *Steven*?" a woman's voice asks.

The dog barks and bellows. 'Roulfff—roulff—roulfff—roulf—roulff.' The woman pulls on its iron chain-linked collar.

"Quiet! Quiet down," she scolds. "*Happy*."

The large dog anxiously sniffs my hands, legs and crotch.

"Don't worry, he doesn't bite. He's just being friendly."

I bend over and pat the pale-coloured dog on its head and around its soft yellow ears.

The dog turns and howls. He then looks at the woman, rushes to my side, leaps up, and hoists his paws upon my torso.

"Down Happy!" She yanks on the dog's chain. "I'm so sorry."

"It's okay. What kind of a dog is it?"

"He's a golden lab."

I move back half a step.

"Beautiful dog."

The woman nods, turns, squats and grabs the dog by the nose as it tries to dig and furrow into my right side pant pocket.

"What—what—what? Okay—quiet down, quiet down now." She looks up. "He's excited...he doesn't get many visitors."

I grin and half-nod.

"I'm Olga," she says as she wipes a palm against her baggy beige cotton pants. Then she thrusts her hand into my chest, readjusts it to elbow level, opens her palm, and shakes my hand firmly.

"Nice to meet you."

"Yes," she lisps. "Nice to meet you."

Olga turns and pushes open the front door with the back of her left elbow. It glides wide open without a sound. She traces a palm across her left cheek.

"Would you like to come in?"

"Thanks."

The staircase, walls, ceiling and rugs are white, heavenly white, like alabaster. Bright sunlight from the skylight sparkles and gleams and slices a rectangular shadow across the ivory ceramic floor tiles below. The house shines with the brightness of a polar icecap.

I squint as she leads me into the kitchen.

A white refrigerator hums beside a matching set of cabinets and kitchen drawers. The stainless steel kitchen sink and Inglis dishwasher radiate in the morning light sun through an east window overlooking the garden. A large wicker shelf overflows with cookbooks, picture frames, a glass jar full of red, green, yellow and orange gummy bears. A glass-topped table sits beside two sliding glass patio doors that lead to the deck outside.

In the kitchen we sit on plastic patio chairs that surround a clear-glass circular table with three green place mats. A navy canvas bag spills worn library books and paperbacks onto the table. A clean, empty ashtray sits idly by a short red candle dripping with dry wax. A twelve-inch tall walnut pepper mill towers above a rectangular-shaped salt shaker with six tiny round perforations.

Olga then leads me around the house and up the stairs to the second floor. She motions to a door at the top of the stairs.

"This would be your room."

She turns the brass door handle, pushes open the door, and lifts the tender part of her palm up to the light, steps back, and beckons me to enter.

I step inside and scan the room to see white wallpaper dotted with pink roses. The room is clean and wide enough to fit three beds. A double-door walk-in closet covers the west wall of the room.

"It's nice. Lots of closet space." I move over to the window that overlooks the backyard. "Nice view outside, too." I cock my head, fold my arms, and prop my chin with my thumb and index finger. "Hmmm, ... so who would be living here once you get the other room rented?"

"The other room—? A student from Waterloo or U of T. I would be in the room across the hall—oh, and Fred—an older man who lives in the basement. He's not a student. He's in his forties and works for Ontario Hydro in Toronto. Fred recently separated from his wife and has been living here now for a few months."

"The room sure has a lot of flowers—wouldn't it be more suitable for a female student?"

"No—no-no. No females. I've already tried that. I like males better. They're much cleaner too."

Olga then leads me gingerly into the bathroom. The room next to the bathroom belongs to the second border. Across the staircase is a large room with the door wide open.

"That's my room," she says. She turns and points inside a room to an immaculate queen-sized four-poster bed. Pink and lavender tulips decorate four jumbo alabaster pillows and matching bed sheets. The white room is littered with black vases and dry floral arrangements.

"So what do you think?"

"It's great. I like it."

"Yes?" Olga says invitingly.

I glance at my wristwatch.

"But I'd like to check out what else is around. I've got a few more houses to see this week." I gesture towards the front door. "When do you need to have it rented?"

"—Oh—food—that reminds me: I forgot to tell you about food." She adjusts her chair. "I am officially retired as of June as a school teacher and I'll have a lot more time to ... try out a few new recipes and what not."

"Oh, really?"

"Yes. The way I worked it before with the person that was here before you was that she'd pay two dollars a meal for breakfast, lunch or dinner."

"Okay."

"But it would have to be right at the time of the meal." She wags her finger. "No I.O.U.'s. It's pay as we go. Besides, I like to cook and I always make *extra*. Would you be okay with that?"

"Sure. That sounds fine. But I'd like to check out a few more places first."

"Okay. You just let me know whenever you can. But give me a call within the next two weeks. I'll hold it for you till then."

I stare at the dog that lounges lazily on the floor beside me, its paws outstretched, its head down.

"Do you have any cats?"

"Cats? No. Just him. I used to but they were too old. They died," She looks askance. "Do you smoke, by the way?"

"No, I'm a non-smoker." She seems pleased but not fully satisfied. "I don't smoke, do drugs or have any wild parties or any of that stuff. I just need a place that's nice and quiet and free of distractions. A quiet, comfortable smoke-free place."

"Good. That's good." She taps her fingers on the shiny green place mat. "It's a bad habit to start. I—on the other hand—do smoke, and usually have a cigarette first thing in the morning or at night. Does that bother you?"

"The air is clean in here. I've been to other smokers' houses and, well, ... it honestly doesn't seem like anyone smokes in this house. I can usually smell it right off the clothes from people."

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The Thousand-Mile Step

By Nikky Twin

The Beginning

I guess the best way to start any story is to introduce the main character. My name is Nikky Twin, and I'm a first year student at UTM hoping to go into the field of forensic or criminal psychology. I mean, who better to deal with crazy psychotic criminals than a crazy psychotic person?

As a "good" Roman Catholic I go to mass every Sunday and get involved with the Church. People in the parish hope I will become a member of the cloth one day. Yeah, one day – when pigs fly, when hell freezes over, when I become straight. You get the idea.

Ethnically, I would describe myself as a "white-washed flip with a bit of chink in me." Despite my lack of knowledge about or appreciation for my culture, I still keep the most important traditions – the strict parents, the karaoke machine, and the history of being screwed in the ass by everyone.

I discovered that I was gay when I was in grade six. I couldn't put it together at the time, but I realized that I was looking at boys in the way that I was supposed to look at girls. At the same time, I was teased by the others kids for acting 'feminine,' and for being 'different'. Thankfully, graduation came and I left that school …and wound up in an all-boys Catholic high school.

Sounds like I was asking for trouble, eh? Well, I couldn't go to my parents and say, "Mom, Dad, I don't think it's a good idea I go to an all-guys school because I'm sorta heterosexually challenged." Of course, the idea of going to an all guys' school seemed like every gay man's dream. So, at the time it seemed like an okay arrangement.... until I actually stepped into the school.

At first I was surprised that I was never subjected to the age-old ritual of humiliation and degradation known as "initiation". However, I knew that things were going to get "interesting" for me when, one day, I found a picture of a Sunshine girl and a Sunshine Boy taped to my locker with a note attached to it saying, "Which one do YOU like?"

There was not a day when someone would not yell, "Queer," "Fag," or "You're gay" in my general direction, or when I wouldn't be laughed at either behind my back or to my face. Their entertainment came at the cost of my dignity.

I never let what happened at school reach my parents. Their "solution" to my problems was usually: "Don't pay attention to them. Just concentrate on your studies."

Easier said than done.

I was also afraid of telling them. I didn't know how they would react. Although they are good parents, they're also overprotective, rigid in their thinking, and want to keep me on a short leash. I didn't want to fight against my parents over this. I needed a haven. Home, despite the restrictions and the annoyances, was just that. Home.

Highway to Hell – Good Intention Lane

By grade eleven, things started to look up. I met people whom I felt were trustworthy to call my friends – Adam and Eddie. We were sort of like The Three Musketeers. It was great to hang out with real friends. I felt that I could be honest with them and entrust them with my secret.

I began with Adam. Whenever Adam and I talked, we were open with each other. I liked talking to him, and at the time, he was one of the few people who would actually talk to me period.

One night we were talking on the phone and the conversation shifted to women.

Whenever someone would ask me for my opinion about so-and-so girl that passed by, I always responded with "She's okay." For me, it was the happy medium between "I think she's so hot that I'd bang her in a sec" and "I don't care what she looks like since I'll never sleep with her or any other girl in my life time." Although I didn't want to reveal the truth, I didn't like to lie either, so I tried to say as little as possible during these conversations.

This lead to the topic of marriage – another favorite subject of mine. I usually evaded these topics with subtle hints of the truth. I would start off by feeling sorry for myself, saying that I would probably not get married, and that there was probably no girl in the world who would want to date me. Usually that was enough for the recipient of this fabrication to console me with the "there's a lot of fish in the sea" speech, before quickly dropping the subject.

However, I decided not to drop the subject this time. Instead, I told him the truth – the whole truth – including my feelings for him.

This quickly ended the conversation, and our friendship. Our conversations became much shorter, distance grew between us, and before I knew it we were just mere acquaintances.

Things weren't any better when I came out to my friend Eddie only a couple of days later. "It's just a phase," he said, and pointed out that it may just be a case of the "I-think-therefore-I-am-only-because-others-say-so." I knew, however, that this so-called "phase" was never going away. While other 'normal' guys, like Adam and Eddie, have the chance to fall in love with a woman and have a family, I'll never have that. According to my religion, I can never fall in love with a man. I could have tried to fall in love with a woman, but that's no better than what I was already doing – living a lie.

At the same time, Eddie and Adam started excluding me from their lives. Whenever they went out or got together with other friends, I was never invited. When we were together, they would laugh and I wouldn't have a clue what they were laughing about. We weren't The Three Musketeers anymore. It was now the Dynamic Duo and the Lone Gay Ranger, as I mockingly described myself.

I may have been a glutton for punishment, but I didn't want to be beaten by those idiots. I was becoming more comfortable coming out to people – students, teachers, and even priests. No one really made a big deal of it. I was still not ready to face the whole world with this, but with each new person, I became more and more accepting of this part of me. It was the truth after all.

Out

Grade 12 was a funny year.

I actually went to the prom, and with a girl no less. Not only was it a surprise to everyone, but I was actually complimented for having a cute date.

It was also a year of exploration for me. I had my first meetings with gay people – from a gay priest to the members of the Transgendered Bisexual Lesbian Gay Alliance at York and the Lesbian, Gay, and Bisexual Youth of Toronto. I learned about the position of the Roman Catholic Church on homosexuality, and I learned a unique perspective on why straight guys should respect gay guys since "There's one less guy to compete with."

But most importantly, I realized that others who also have this "burden" live their like everybody else. Why couldn't I?

In my OAC year, a couple of my friends suggested that I come out and get it over with. I was scared to death, but at the same time, I wanted to. So, I bought a small rainbow triangle pin, and put it on my school tie, thinking that the guys at school would be too ignorant to figure out the gay symbolism behind it.

However, on school picture day, as we were lining up, the guy in front of me turned around and immediately noticed the pin on my tie. He first stared at it for a couple of seconds and then stared at me before he asked with a smirk on his face. "Is this what I think it is?" he said. Instead of denying it as usual, I acknowledged with a nod and a reluctant "Yes."

For a moment it seemed like an eternity had passed before he yelled out, "HEY GUYS LOOK AT THIS!" They all looked at the pin and then at me, and nodded together with an "Ahhhhhhhhhhh."

At least I didn't do it over the PA, like Ellen DeGeneres in her coming-out episode. That would have been too much, but the truth was out all the same. I finally came out during my last year in high school, and I did it without fear.

Smashes, Thrashes, and Tits By Avril Loreti

The Continuing Antics of the Lone Gay Ranger

After coming out, things did not really change at school. There was no lynching or mobbing, no vandalism or physical violence against me, no discrimination, and no attempts at conversion on the part of my teachers.

The level of verbal abuse had virtually gone into submission, and there was a significant turn in my relationship with Adam. He told me that he realized that he had reacted badly to me when I came out to him, and that of all the people in our high school, I was the only one he considered a true friend.

There were still times when I wished I could be just one of the guys instead of the Lone Gay Ranger. I remember going to the Ontario Science Centre for a field trip on DNA with my biology class. I turned out to have two of the most common genes in the class along with two others (Of course, my teacher started joking that these were the "gay genes"). I wrote the numbers of these genes down on my hand, and kept staring at them as we left the building. My teacher asked, "What are you doing?"

I responded, "At least I know I have something in common with these guys – on the genetic level."

People say that I was brave to stand up against such adversity. At times, I didn't think this was so because it seemed obvious to everybody, including myself, that I was gay.

The first time I went back to my highschool since starting university, someone described me as "a Jew returning to a concentration camp." I wanted so much to get out of that school, but despite the hard times there, I can never forget that it helped me overcome my biggest obstacle – accepting myself for who I am.

I am now in my first year of university. I wanted to begin with a fresh start, and let people know me based on what they see from me. Things have started on the right foot. I have met people and made really good friends who accept me for me – homosexuality and all.

I have also noticed changes in myself. As opposed to my serious, negative, depressing persona that permeated throughout high school, I am now happier, more positive, and more open about my sexuality.

You would think that by now my parents would know the truth, since I have come out to the rest of the world, but amazingly enough (and perhaps by providence), my parents have never gotten wind of it. Maybe they have always known. Who knows?

This is just the beginning of that infamous journey of a thousand miles talked about in Chinese fortune cookies. The first steps I took seemed to be a thousand miles. There will be thousands more and I'll still wish for a 'normal' life, brood over the past, ponder my future, wonder if I'll ever tell my friends about my relationships and sex life, or wonder if I'll ever have a relationship and a sex life. But I'll manage.

Now you may be wondering what the point of this story is. There is no one particular point. One person may learn a different lesson from the next. Some may realize that they are not alone in this, while others may learn that people in this situation also need understanding and compassion. My reason for telling this story is simple: I needed to tell it.

Untitled By Nuvera Mirza

The Room continued from page 4

"Well, I just aired out the house and I've got air filters that clean the air. That helps to keep the air in the house nice and clean." She inhales a long draught of air through her nostrils and cocks her head. "I only smoke a few cigarettes a day," she says defensively. "They're ultra lights." Olga holds up a package half-full of smokes, takes out a cigarette, makes a motion with her hands in front of her lips, pauses, puts the slender cigarette back inside the foil wrap, and slides shut the pack. "Besides," she shrugs. "I'm trying to quit."

Three weeks later, with one month's down payment less a few copper coins and some pocket lint, I lug and load all of my belongings into my new home.

7:06 p.m. – Olga hands me a handwritten two-and-a-half page list of do's and don'ts. Her handwriting looks like an odd series of high loops, full swirls, dotted I's and crossed t's. My eyes stop at the last item on the list, number twenty-two: PLEASE RESPECT MY PRIVACY.

I tote brown boxes up the stairs. Olga meets me in the hallway of the second floor.

"Uh, Steven? Tonight is bridge night. I'm going to have a few friends over, okay?"

"Sure."

I nod my head and settle the rest of my belongings into my room. Two hours later I prepare for bed.

11:14 p.m.– Waves, caravans and armies of thick, black second-hand smoke creep into my room through the floor heating ducts. One-after-another-after-another: plumes of thick, black smoke struggle and free themselves through the tiny crack underneath my door. The hazy fog nuzzles up cosily beneath my pursed lips and pinched nostrils.

I drag arms and feet over to the stairs and peer overtop the throng of middle-aged, menopausal women—six of them—with drinks in hand. One woman glances upward. She gapes searchingly. I walk back into my room to the sounds of muffled chit chat and crusty old cackles.

Minutes later, Russian folk music blares and beats and pulses against my front door. The sounds beat and throb and thump against the walls of the house and burrow into my skull. For four hours. Uninterrupted.

Impatient, exhausted and unable to fall asleep, I flip off my bed sheets in one violent cape-like swoop, sit at my bedside, rub my left eye, and search through cardboard boxes for a towel. I find a ragged beach towel, roll it up like a carpet, and place it firmly against the foot of my door.

The towel blocks some of the smoke. It doesn't block the noise.

I toss, turn, and try to fall asleep. I struggle for a few brief moments of solace. I gyrate and twist in every conceivable position, face-pinched, fetus-shaped, and temples-throbbing. I grumble and grouse and fade away into the abyss of my own thoughts and suddenly jerk my head and crane towards the door to hear a glass bottle crack, shatter, splash, and split its contents on the floor below. My alarm clock reads: 3:11 a.m.

'Respect my privacy?' Now there's a thought.

Driving With Tony

By Alafia King

It was 8:15 on Sunday night when my little 18 year-old sister, Sherri, called.

"Wanna do me a small favour?"

"What do you want now?" I asked.

"Well, it's late and I'm at Jane station with Roger."

Roger was her boyfriend. "Can you just come down and pick me up?"

"I don't know," I said. "It's kind of far."

"Pretty please?" she begged. I could hear Roger in the background. I didn't like him much then. He talked about things he didn't know much about, he was immature, and told stupid jokes.

"Fine." I said, "but you owe me." I hung up the phone and dragged myself down the stairs. It was freezing outside. I couldn't understand why she would even consider going out with a 22 year-old who didn't go to school and couldn't drive. I put on my coat and grabbed my Dad's keys off the hook. My brother Tony, who was visiting for the week sat in the kitchen with his laptop. He looked up at me from behind the screen.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"I'm gonna go get Sherri." I told him. "She's at Jane Station."

"If you give me a second, I'll come with you," he said. "I gottta pick up a pack of cigarettes anyways."

"Sure", I said. I didn't spend much time with him since he came home, so I thought it would be fun.

"I'll go start the car," I said. "Try to hurry, it's cold out there," I yelled to him as I shut our front door. I ran quickly into the car and started it up. I flicked on the heat and felt it melt the snow on my boots. I looked out the windshield and moaned. Snow had covered it completely. I pulled the snow brush out from beneath the passenger's seat and cleared the snow quickly.

Tony finally made his way out. "Geeze it's cold," he said. He took his right arm and tried to help me clean the windows. "So, did you say Sherri was at Jane Station?" he asked.

"Yeah." I replied. "I really don't feel like driving." We continued brushing off the snow.

"I'll tell you what," said Tony. "Why don't you let me drive." I looked at him for a second and smirked.

"You? Drive? Yeah right. You don't even have your G1."

"So what?" he replied. "It's late, plus I know how to drive. Just trust me." Tony was six years older then me. It wasn't a matter of whether I trusted him or not. He'd always been the mature responsible one in the family. The fact that he'd driven without his license before had kind of surprised me; nevertheless, I agreed.

"Alright." I said. "Just don't get us killed" I laughed. We both hurried into the car and fastened our seat belts. Tony put the car in drive and quickly pulled out of the lot. We made a right onto Jane Street as I watched the street lights wizzed by.

"You might wanna ease up on the gas," I said. I didn't wanna try to instruct him too much. Tony was the type that didn't like anyone telling him what to do. The rest of the way he drove quite well. He stayed in the right lane, followed all the traffic lights, and he even kept the speed limit when a cop car drove past us. When we arrived at the bus station, Sheri was sitting on a bench with Roger. Tony honked the horn and Sherri ran to the car. Roger waved to us. I reluctantly waved back.

"That was pretty fast," Sherri said. "Thanks for coming."

Sherri put on her seat belt. She looked at Tony behind the wheel. "When did you learn to drive?" she asked him.

"Apparently tonight," I whispered to her.

"Very funny" Tony said.

Tony made a U-Turn and we started on our way home. I was pretty comfortable with his driving, so I decided to recline in my seat and take a little nap. When I opened my eyes, Tony was pulling into our building parking lot.

"Not bad." I nodded to him. "We're still alive." Sherri laughed. Want me to park it?" I asked him. The only spot left was between a brand new Lexus and a Ford Escort. I didn't want him to hit either of them.

"Naw, that's okay." he said. "I can do this" Tony put the car in reverse. We all looked back. He turned the wheel all the way to the right and slowly lifted his foot off the brake. We rolled back about three feet and stopped. Sherri and I looked at Tony.

"Give it a little gas," Sherri told him.

"Not too much." I added. We all looked back. We were half way into the parking space. Suddenly the car accelerated backwards at full speed. We went over the curb. We crashed into the wire fence. The wheels were still turned, so the side of the car had swiped the Escort.

We all looked at each other in horror.

We were all silent for what seemed liked an eternity.

"Did I hit anything?" Tony asked.

Sherri and I gave him a puzzled look. He looked absolutely delirious.

"Did you hit anything?" Sherri laughed. "Boy, I'd be surprised if the bumper is still on." Tony's hands were still on the wheel. I shifted the clutch into park and took off my seat belt. Tony took his belt off too. He shut the car door furiously wiped the sweat from

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Driving With Tony continued from page 6

his brow.

Sherri got out of the car first. We followed and inspected the damage. The left side looked okay. We walked around to the right side where he had swiped the Escort. Along the side of the back door was a scratch about two feet long and a dent about a foot long. I looked at the review mirror. It hung by a thread.

"You're kinda lucky." Sherri said looking at the Escort beside us. It had only a tiny scratch that was almost unoticeable. Tony pulled out a cigarette and sat on the curb. "Shit," he said. He lit up the cigarette and lifted it out of his mouth with shaky fingers. "I'm dead." he said. "Mom and Dad loved this car." He was right. The damaged car was a silver 1986 Crown Victoria. The silver paint always glistened in the sunlight. Dad washed it every Saturday, polished it once a month, and checked the oil every Monday. It was a beautiful car.

Sherri laughed. She had a habit of laughing at others misfortunes. I couldn't help it either. I laughed at Sherri laughing at Tony. Tony was the only one who looked serious. In a few hours the sun would rise and Dad would find out what had happened tonight. Tony put his cigarette out in the snow and slowly walked over to the car. He looked it over carefully.

"Maybe we can fix it," he said, scratching his head. He began wiping the dent as though if he tried hard enough it would somehow rub off. "Get out of the light," he told Sherri. She laughed. "Get out of the light!" he yelled at her. I started to sympathize with him.

"There's nothing you can do," I told him. "Let's go inside."

Tony stood up. He slowly walked home as though he was on death's row. Tony had made a big mistake, and once he faced my father, we all knew that he would have to pay dearly for that mistake. Sherri and I followed. We put on our straight faces so we wouldn't wake anyone when we got inside.

"No use waking dad now," said Tony.

"Let's just try and get some sleep."

We went to our rooms.

The next morning was Monday. Dad woke at five to be at work for seven. Sherri and I heard him putting his work boots on. We heard him take his keys off the hook. We heard him go out the door. Sherri and I looked at each other. Neither of us laughed now. We knew something horrible was about to happen. After a few minutes of silence, we heard Dad come through the door again. He threw his boots against a wall. "Who the devil smashed my car?!" he yelled from the bottom of the stairs. I saw Tony slowly walk past my bedroom door. He made his way down the stairs. Sherri and I followed and sat on the fourth stair making sure we could see everything.

"Um Dad," Tony said quietly,

"There's something I have to tell you. We had a little accident last night."

"Little?!" Dad shouted. You call a dent in the side of my car and a missing rear view mirror little!? What the Devil is wrong with you boy?!"

Tony stood in silence.

"It really isn't that bad," he said.

"The dent is not that big, and the scratch is only a few centimeters. I think I can fix the rear view mirror if you want me too."

Dad mumbled something under his breath and cursed out loud.

"I don't know what the hell you were thinking," Dad said angrily.

"You're 25 years old and I have to be here dealing with you as though you were 16. You know you don't have a license, and of all the cars out there you go and choose mine to practice on. You ain't see something's wrong with your head."

"I know Dad," Tony said, trying to calm Dad down.

"It was a stupid thing to do, and I swear I will fix it. I'll work two jobs if I have to."

"You're damn right you'll fix it," Dad replied.

"You'll fix it, and you'll pay for my transportation to get to work this morning. There's no way in hell I'm taking that piece of trash to work for people to see. I don't want to have to explain how I have a son with no common sense."

Mom came down the stairs. She heard what had happened. "Angus, calm down," she said. "No sense giving yourself a heart attack." Dad's eyes were red. His hands clenched the keys that started his once beautiful Crown Victoria.

"I'm going to work," he said a bit more calmly.

"I don't have the patience to deal with this now." He said glaring at Tony. And with that, he was out the door.

It was silent for a moment. Mom looked at Tony and shook her head. "Well, she said, I suggest you start thinking about how you're going to fix this one. You're on your own. When you act irresponsibly, you have to be prepared to pay the consequences."

Mom turned and went up the stairs to get ready for work.

"Don't worry," Sherri said to Tony. "Patricia will help you pay for it."

I slapped Sherri on the back of her head.

"We'll both help if we can," I told him. Tony put his hands in his pocket and made his way up the stairs.

"Thanks guys," he said, but it's my problem. I got myself into this one and I'll get myself out of it".

And he did.

Tony paid for all damages made to his father's Crown Victoria and is currently still without a license. A month later, the same car was hit by a drunk driver and written off. Angus now drives a 1994 Ford Thunderbird but is quoted to have said, "No car will ever compare to my Crown Victoria." Sherri, who is still dating Roger, now takes the bus home, and Patricia who recently bought a red Hyundai Excel lets absolutely no one drive it but herself.

Untitled By Nuvera Mirza

Jeff's Lot continued from page 2

Sorry." Jeff says.

"What, isn't it stable?" I ask.

"It's stable, but it doesn't stay still," Jeff smiles.

Ricardo laughs and pulls a cigarette out from his pack.

"Thanks John, for putting up the tents," Ricardo says as he lights his cigarette.

"Yah man. No one here could do it properly and, antone, I no want to get wet if it rain." John smiles and reaches into his pocket for his pack of Benson and Hedges, menthol, cigarettes. He pulls one out and lights it.

Luka and Jeff hop into Luka's Jeep and drive back to the spot where we put the boat in water to pick up Jeff's truck. They return ten minutes later. The red, F-150 leads the way.

Jeff gets out of his truck, opens the tailgate and pulls out four small, white, folding chairs.

"Antone, you want to sit down, come and grab a fuckin' chair." Jeff calls to us.

We each take a chair from the back of Jeff's truck and sit ourselves around the firepit that sits fifteen feet from our tents and fifteen feet from the lake. John grabs some firewood that lies beside the firepit and starts a fire.

"You like my firepit, eh antone," Jeff carries three bamboo-pole lanterns from the back of his truck and plants them around the lot. One stands near the firepit, close to the first tent. Another stands in the centre of the lot, between the two tents. The last lantern stands near the walkway that leads to the dock. Jeff takes Tarek's lighter and lights the lanterns.

"Okay, lets put our stuff into whatever tents we're sleeping in," Luka suggests.

We each take our bags. Ricardo and I place our bags in the tent that sits closer to the dock, along with Tarek and John. Luka and Jeff place their bags in the tent nearer to the firepit.

"Okay, now that that's settled, antone bring out the beer." Luka walks to his Jeep and returns with the blue cooler that sat in the Jeep's trunk.

Jeff, Ricardo, Luka, John, Tarek and I sit around the fire. We each hold a bottle of Labatt Blue. John, Ricardo, Tarek and I smoke. I look out onto the lake. The light from our fire dances in the mirror of water. My eyes shift from the lake to the shore on the opposite side. I see smoke and a small orange glow from the cottage across from us. Young, energetic, female voices echo across the lake.

"Antone, you guys hear that?" Jeff asks.

"Yah man, chicks," Ricardo answers.

John points his flashlight towards the orange glow. A moment later, a light flashes into our eyes, a reply.

"Hey," Ricardo yells, "Where's the party at?"

"Right here," a high pitched, female voice echoes back.

"Come across to a real party," Jeff yells.

"You come here," a new, lower pitched, female voice answers.

I take a drag from my cigarette and shake my head.

"How the fuck do you guys expect to go over there? Besides, they're probably ugly." I flick my cigarette into the fire.

John, again, flashes the strangers with his flash-light. A light flashes into our eyes, another reply.

"Ah, fuck it," Jeff waves his hand towards the orange glow. "We better shut-up anyways, there's a lot of old people around here that'll get pissed off if we make too much noise."

"It's only like 10:30, Jeff," I say

"Yah, but look how dark it is. There's no street lights or signs or anything up here. When it's dark, its late, then time to sleep." Jeff answers.

I look up into the sky and see more stars than I ever have seen before. I look across the lake. I see the orange glow. I look at the black water with its orange reflections. I finish my beer and put the empty bottle into the case that Luka has set beside his tent. I light a cigarette and look up into the sky. I see more stars than I ever have before. I feel like I am trespassing here.

"Antone, you thinking about Daniela?" Ricardo asks.

"I don't know." I take a drag from my cigarette, glance at Ricardo, and stare up into the sky.

"Shut-up. Stop thinking about her. Fuck 'er," Jeff takes a long gulp of his beer.

"Yah man," John adds, "Antone go pimp it now, no girlfriend."

Luka says nothing. Tarek looks at me, winks, smiles and nods his head. Tarek's eyes reach for me, grab me and hug me tightly.

"He's a fucking bus driver, and he's thirty years old," Ricardo laughs, "It's her loss, completely man."

"Yah, I know," I answer.

I take a drag from my cigarette and stare up into the sky. I see more stars than I ever have before. I ask myself if the sky I now stare at is the same one I sometimes glance at in the city. I feel like I'm trespassing here.

My Cousin's Wedding

By Betty Singh

It was Sunday morning, March 11 in the capital city of India, New Delhi.

The sun shone, but it felt cool. The eagerness of the sun to rise, the warmth in the breeze, the chirping of birds – all these things showed, winter drifting into spring. I had been put to bed early the night before.

My mom said, "Baby, go to bed early, you have a long and eventful day ahead."

Bobby, my cousin, fifteen years older than me but still my chum, was getting married. Sanu, Enu, Pooja, Rinkoo, Dolly and myself with our families had gathered for her marriage at my cousin's place. One day Bobby took us shopping, remaining patient even then we slurped our ice cream and licked the spoons to get every drop. Yesterday when I asked her if we could go to the ice cream parlor with her, she refused saying, "I will not be allowed, I am getting married tomorrow."

I questioned, "What does marriage have to do with going to the ice cream parlor?"

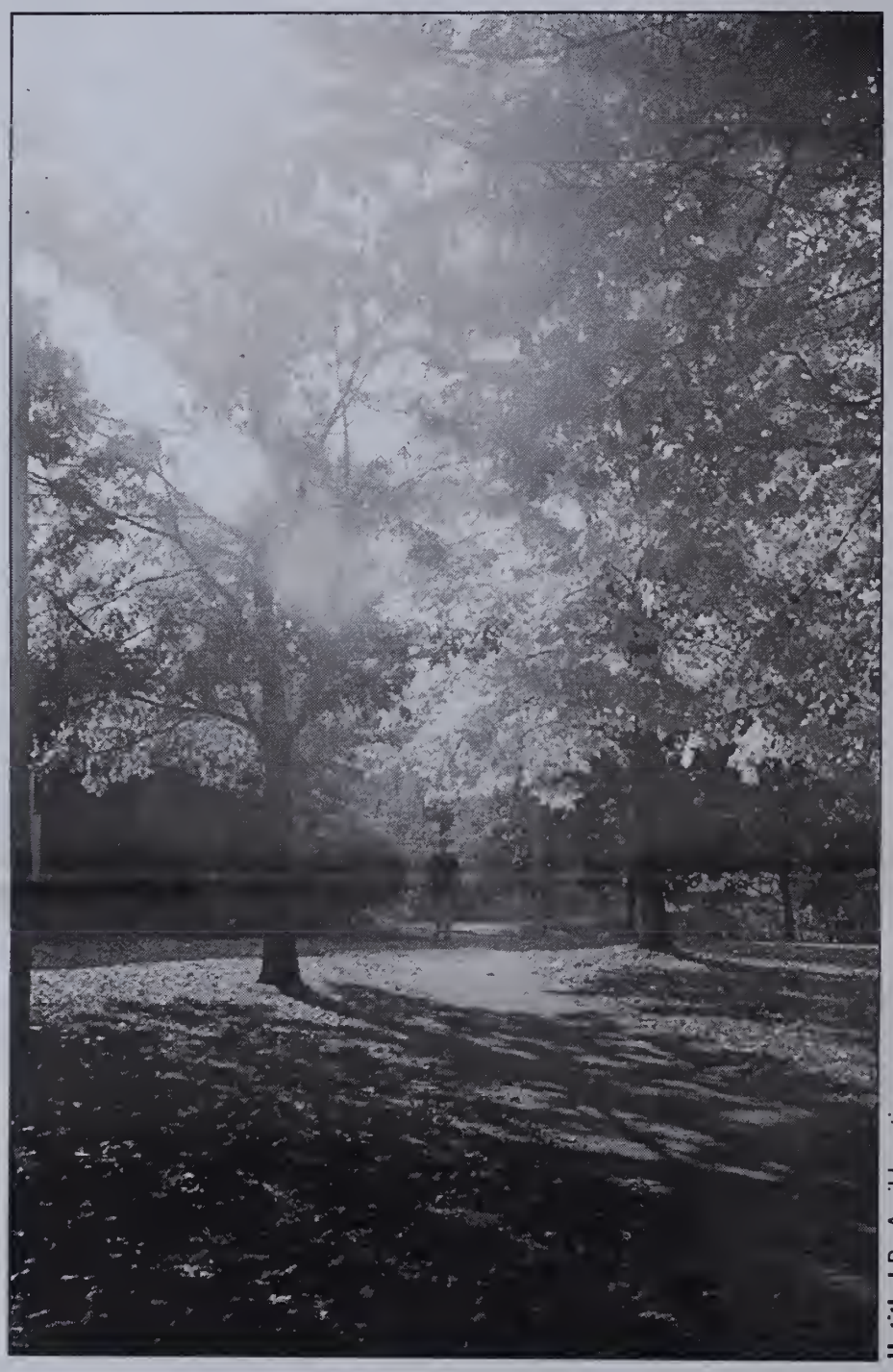
Bobby explained,"It is a ritual not to be seen in public on the eve of your wedding day." I accepted that, and we decided to stay inside. We played my favorite game, chupanchupai (hide and seek). The five of us were rascals according to my grandfather, who could not tolerate kids running around. We made a point to annoy him. He tried to impose his military style marshal law on us but had little success.

The house had two levels. Both the levels had balconies. My Grandfather used to sit on his wooden armchair, beside the window facing the door that opened into the balcony. He had a set time for reading his newspaper. At that time, we knew, we had to be quiet. Today, it was his reading time but still we decided to play.

While playing I was trying to climb down the balcony and my shoe fell off my foot. It landed in front of my grandfather. He looked up, starring furiously through his thick glasses. Pointing his cane at me he said, "You monkey if you don't end up breaking your leg I'll break it myself. Don't you know how dangerous that is?"

I muttered under my breath, "I know that but it's not as important as getting to hide behind the drum at the bottom of the stairs."

The house was decorated, lights were put on, and tents were erected. With music playing extremely loud, everyone in the neighborhood was made aware of the wedding. We watched the cooks as they made the round yellow laddoos, juicy spiral jaallabi and syrupy black balls of glabjammun (sweets).



Untitled By Avril Loreti

One of the bedrooms smelled of food. Me and my cousin's Pooja, Sanu and Rinkoo investigated this and found that grandfather had ordered the Halwai (chef) to put all the prepared sweets in that room. The room was always locked so we had to come up with another scheme to lay our hands on the sweets. We sneaked now and then to the Hulwai and asked for glabjumman. He obliged us but also warned us not to come again.

We still did it. This would be my first wedding. I looked forward to the day when my cousin's Shadi (wedding) would happen.

I had gone to sleep dreaming of that drum as a great hiding place and awoke to the loud noises in the house. I went to the bathroom and there was a long queue ahead of me. My mom knew I couldn't wait and took me to a neighbor's house. Finding it an excellent opportunity to finish her job, she also gave me a bath. I somehow felt that was taking advantage of me when I just wanted to use the bathroom.

Mom said, "I have to hurry because Barat (the family and friends of the groom) is coming at 10 o'clock." She dressed me in my best langha (Indian dress) that she had made herself. I always told my cousin this was my favorite dress. My mom had made it exactly the way I wanted it with creamy fabric and a bright yellow dupatta (Indian scarf).

The Barat arrived at the right time. The band of musicians was playing the latest popular song, "Aaj mere yaar ki shadi hai (today is my friend's wedding) and people were dancing on the street. We wanted to join the group but Mom had instructed not to do so as we were the girl's side. All five of us formed a group of our own and danced to the tune anyway. Then came the bridegroom seated on the godhi (horse). Sanu, Rinkoo wanted to pull a hair from the horses tail, bragging they knew just how to do that.

Rinkoo said he had seen it in a movie, where you quickly tug the hair and jump back and watch the horse gallop. I knew this was going to be trouble and did not want to be implicated. Luckily, he was caught before he could get into any trouble. Not so lucky for Rinkoo because it was Grandfather who caught him and sent him home. I was so glad I was not part of this, as I would have missed the rest of the fun. The Farae (marriage circles) were over in forty minutes. Then the bride was taken to a room to change for her Vidai (farewell).

In a room my mother, Aunty and other ladies cried and tried unsuccessfully to wipe the tears from their eyes. I saw my mother wipe her tears with the blue dupatta she wore on her cream colored salwar suit. My cousin hugged her mother and cried. Her red eyes matched her beautiful red salwar suit. It was an expensive dress. I was confused about the crying and smiling. I had known people to cry when someone dies but this was the wedding day, a day of happiness. My cousin's mother said, "Oh my Bitiya (baby girl) you are leaving us. I pray you will find happiness with your husband. I hope his family will be good to you."

My Uncle, Bobby's father, waited outside the room. On seeing him, she cried, "Daddy" and ran to hug him. As she hugged him tightly, her kajal which had run down with her tears smeared his pressed white shirt. He was crying too. The little girl whom he had taught to walk and talk had grown into a woman and today was going away. He had no words to express himself. In a quivering voice he said, "My blessings are with you, my baby." Still confused I asked my mother, "Mom, why are you crying? "Mother replied, "Your cousin is parai (married) from today and is going away with her husband." We will see her occasionally from now on. She said my cousin couldn't be the same person that gladly went with us to the ice cream parlor. My head filled with sad thoughts of the good times we had had together. Mother looked at me through tear filled eyes and said, "Some day, little one, you will also leave me to go away with your husband."

The thought of leaving my mother scared me. The sky did not seem so bright any more. The music did not appeal to my ears. I felt the sweets I had eaten would come out of my mouth. I too cried.

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Kaneff Centre space a source for controversy

BY RICHIE MEHTA

Three paintings by Dorian Fitzgerald have been hung in the lower level hallway of the Kaneff Center since the beginning of March. This solo exhibition was the first of a planned series of sixteen annual exhibitions by students from UTM's Art and Art History Programme.

Laurie Kallis, who was leading the project, and Blackwood Gallery curator Barbara Fischer had received positive feedback about the display, the first in a planned series of student shows.

However, due to a miscommunication, the management programme had already claimed the space for graduate photographs.

A meeting last week between representatives from the Management and Humanities programme, Fischer and Kallis confirmed the loss of this exhibition space for UTM art students.

"It's very unfortunate," says Fischer. "I think the walls were excellent for displaying the work, but there wasn't much energy from the students to continue what was started last year. If more students had helped out, there wouldn't have been any blank spaces on the Kaneff walls to give away."

Although art students have lost this prime location, other areas such as the Hitachi computer lab and the Student Centre are open for displaying art work.

"Hanging artwork is a volunteer job, and students who want to take it on have my support," says Fischer.

She also stresses the importance of this task. "This work gives the campus a sense of contemporary culture, and enlivens the entire place."

Fine Art Students Association president elect Agnes Ceglarz explained her point of view. "FASA has tried in the past. They've advertised for art work, but students haven't shown any initiative. There should be a an increase in awareness between Fine Art faculty members and FASA members. The faculty would be a good way of encouraging student participation."

Dorian Fitzgerald's large paintings enjoyed a short term on the Kaneff Centre walls. His will be the last student exhibition in the space. *photo/Avril Loreti*

The Road drawn with good intentions

At par with Disney's animation pace of one film a year, Dreamwork's follow-up to its feature animation debut *The Prince of Egypt* is the beautifully animated but shallow *The Road To El Dorado*.

FILM/REVIEW

BY RICHIE MEHTA

Featuring high calibre stars, cutting edge technology, and a stylized look that perfectly matches the Latin-American subject matter, the film follows Tulio (voiced by Kevin Kline) and Miguel (Kenneth Branagh), two thieves from Spain who come upon a New World map that supposedly leads to El Dorado, the city of gold.

After a con-gone-wrong near the port in Spain, the two swindlers end up on a vessel headed for the Americas and decide to follow the map for the city.

The locations and scenery are superbly rendered. The change from muted, sun-drenched colours in Spain to all of the vibrant rainbow colours in the New World reminds me of the impressionist look from 1998's *What Dreams May Come*, and suit the unexplored vestiges of the Americas.

Even the character animation, reminiscent of *Anastasia* (1997), is among the best I've ever seen.

But the characters and story have too many holes to be convincing.

Language is the big problem. How these two thieves were able to stumble (literally) on the correct Island in America, find this tribe, and communicate with them is impossible to figure out. Last year's *Tarzan* showed the language difference perfectly: when the apes were alone, they spoke in English. Among humans, it became a monkey-talk.

Here, everyone speaks English and everyone's happy. Considering a main plot-point has Tulio and Miguel being mistaken for gods by the tribe, it's clear that these natives have never contacted Europeans, and thus, have never spoken English. I guess.

But writers Ted Elliot and Terry Rossio ignore the issue in favour of simplicity.

And the music. As much as the film advertises "the musical team behind *The Lion King*!" Elton John and Tim Rice perform a series of bland, forgettable, and often annoying songs. And there are so many of them!

Hans Zimmer's (another *Lion King* alumnus) score is fine, and mixes guitar and banjo sounds with a classical orchestra.

Kline and Branagh certainly know how to treat their characters, and a lot of their improvisation in lines and expressions have been captured in the film – it was a rare instance that *El Dorado* placed these two actors together in the same studio to play off of each other. But Rosie Perez's Chel, the native girl that tags along for their adventure, has a New York tough-girl accent that simply doesn't work. The intention to modernize the female character could have been achieved through actions and lines that departed from the other native people, not from the time and space of sixteenth-century America.

From the first notes of Elton John's painful opening sequence, *The Road to El Dorado* is paved with musical misery, narrative paradoxes, and animation brilliance.

One of the beautfully painted backgrounds from Dreamworks' *The Road to El Dorado*. *photo/Dreamworks*

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Hinduism given the short treatment

Hinduism: A Very Short Introduction
Kim Knott
(Oxford Books)

BOOK/REVIEWS

BY RICHIE MEHTA

Designed to provide basic facts and analysis on such an enormous subject, *Hinduism: A Very Short Introduction* is the perfect general text for the religion, or way of life, known as Hinduism.

Practiced by nearly a sixth of the planet, Hinduism, like most other religions, has encountered a new set of problems in an increasingly secular populace. Knott comprehensively examines the historical roots, as well as its place in the contemporary world.

Knott breaks down the book into appropriate categories such as "Transmission of Knowledge," "Understanding the Self," "The Divine Presence," and "Hinduism, Colonialism, and Modernity." Knott's simple contexts and straightforward

☞ *Hinduism continued on page 8*

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Pinata full of surprises

I approached the box office to pick up my press passes. "Hi. I'm supposed to pick up media passes?"

THEATRE/REVIEW

BY RICHIE MEHTA

The girl behind the counter popped out of her seat. "Oh, yes. We have a package for you."

She handed me the press pack for The Second City's *Pinata Full of Bees* and gave me instructions. "Just go upstairs and I'll walkie ahead for you. They'll let you in."

Great, I thought. But something was wrong.

We walked upstairs, approached the crowd, and entered the theatre. The usher, a Jerry Seinfeld look-alike with a goatee, took one look at me.

"Ah yes, it's you. Come with me."

My suspicions were justified. "You know who I am?" I asked, after noticing he didn't have a walkie talkie.

"You have a white envelope," he said as he pointed to my package. "I know who you are."

"I guess we're getting good seats then?" I asked.

"The producers have something special planned for you," said Jerry. He then took us to a reserved table, and instructed us to sit in two specific spots.

photos/Rob Waymen

Mary Pat Farrell, Lisa Brooke, Lee Smart, Doug Morency, and Paul Bates star in the sketch comedy Pinata Full of Bees.

Afraid for my life, I briefly flipped through the press pack. Nothing. I then ruffled through the menus and pamphlets on our table and found a hidden microphone!

Shit.

Five minutes until show time. After two minutes, two gentlemen sat down beside us, dressed in plain white shirts and black ties. They greeted us and talked quietly to each other.

The fact that these two gentlemen looked exactly like the actors' head shots in the press pack was cause for even more concern.

What happened? See the show and you'll find out.

Pinata Full of Bees, playing at the Second City main stage, is a collection of skits that satirize the American way of life.

Originally conceived and performed in Chicago, the play focuses on the dominating American economy, stereotypes of middle class living, and the media.

Performed by a actors Lisa Brooke, Mary Pat Farrell, Marc Hickox, Doug Morency, and Paul Bates and Lee Smart (the two guys that sat with us), the play revolves around recurring skits. The most memorable: a classroom setting in which a substitute teacher dispels myths about Thanksgiving, European colonialism and its contemporary effects, and *Forrest Gump*.

One hilarious scene has a computer geek recollecting his traumatic childhood, and an incident where he was beaten up on the playground. This flashback is hilariously played in slow motion, to Buffalo Springfield's "For What it's Worth."

Another moment had the actors attacking corporate America, and cutting up any Blockbuster Video cards the audience was willing to part with.

But the sad focus of the show, which the actors conveyed through humour, was how the American way of life has influenced us, and how isolated each of us has become. It may not sound like fun, but these Second City actors can make anything funny.

Hinduism simplified

continued from page 7

approach clearly convey the elegance and complexity of the religion.

Knott's constant reference to contemporary society hooks the reader quickly.

For example, Knott details Hindu dieties: Rama, Sita, Durga, Ganesha, Vishnu, Shiva, and Kirshna are placed in historical and contemporary contexts.

This texts are perfect for the interested student who doesn't want to write a thesis.

Kill the Fuhrer
Denis Rigden
(Oxford Books)

Written to interpret military documents released in 1998, *Kill the Fuhrer* is a detailed account of a top secret mission carried out by Section X, a division of the Special Operations Executive of the allied forces during World War II. The assignment was to assassinate Adolph Hitler, and it was codenamed Operation Foxley.

Rigden describes this book as an attempt to set the records straight. He describes in detail the function of The Special Operations Executive (SOE), and their "pipedream" of Operation Foxley.

Rigden begins by giving a broad overview of SOE, and their mandate to "coordinate all action, by way of subversion and sabotage, against the enemy overseas'."

This is not a light read like the aforementioned introductory texts, but a complex look into military intelligence and operations.

The most fascinating chapters discuss the plans to eliminate Hitler. Fidgen delves into topics including what kind of person can infiltrate and do the job, and where and when can it be done.

In describing this, he creates a sense of suspense and intrigue, simply because we know we're learning about operations conducted at the highest political level in detail.

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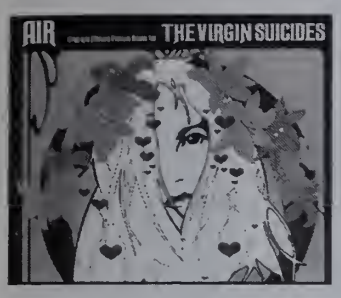
Cult favourite Air scores Coppola's first film

CD/REVIEWS

Air
The Virgin Suicides soundtrack
(Astralwerks)



You may recognize **Air** from such albums as *Moon Safari* and *Premiers Symptomes,* though they are best known as the French electronic duo that isn't Daft Punk.

The buzz surrounding Sofia Coppola's forthcoming film has been universally and enthusiastically negative, but folks are eating up **Air**'s score with a spoon – and with good reason.

I must admit to initial skepticism. From my previous (though admittedly limited) exposure to **Air**, I was afraid that the album would sound more like the score to a video game from the days when Nintendo controllers only had five buttons (who could dare try to top the glorious intro theme to Zelda?). However, although **Air**'s electronic background is present throughout the album, it is in a subdued sort of way. It emerges through ingredients like the intense drums, loaded with beautiful breaks and Keith Moon-ish fills.

Appropriate to the death-fixated film, **Air** has perfectly captured the feel of a funeral parlour – dark, moody, simultaneously luxurious and tacky, and interrupted by few words. The sounds include syrupy, porno-worthy bass, synthetic choir accompaniments, church basement pianos, and an organ sound that must surely have been recorded at an actual wake. Imperfections include the momentum-cramping samples of shitty dialogue from the flick, and certain tracks that come a bit too close to Castlevania, but on the whole, this is a pretty friggin' sweet score. Buyer beware, though: there is also a separate compilation soundtrack available. Ask for the one with Air on the box!

- Rob Armour

Sammie
From the Bottom to the Top
(EMI)

His name is **Sammie**, but he may as well be called the Kid Wonder. He is a thirteen year old hip hop artist who promises to leave Michael Jackson way behind.

Sammie, who recently appeared in television, has just hit the public with his first CD. The album *From The Bottom To The Top* is composed of 13 pieces of music. Some of the Kid Wonder's songs include guest appearances by artists like **JT Money** and **Lloyd** of N'Toon.

In his album, Sammie makes some great personal statements about love and relationships. At the same time, **Sammie** admirably dedicates one of his songs – "Hero" – to his mother.

This incredibly talented young star is able to be vocally effective when rapping, as well as when he branches into mellow pieces. Complemented by great rhythms and a strong a bass, Sammie has made his first album a great debut. There is one aspect of the album that is not as admirable however – in some pieces, Sammie uses unnecessarily offensive language.

Sammie Logo's CD is a great piece of musical art work. Throughout 13 songs, this young star is able to demonstrate his great vocal ability. Complemented by great music and a fantastic hip hop bass, each one of Sammie's songs is made enjoyable.

- Erick McKinlay

Boot Camp Clik
Bat Camp
(priority)

Bat Camp is a collection of **Boot Camp Clik**'s greatest music hits. The CD is a heavy hit of hip-hop music. Strong lyrics, excellent rhymes, and a powerful bass make a great ensemble in each and every song. Some of the lyrics give such a strong impression that they seem intimidating. The leading vocalist is extremely effective in his art and is able to make this album one of great quality. At the same time, back-up vocalists also play their part – songs such as "How Many MCs Must Get Dissed" are examples of their great ability.

Speaking of the violence that hits the homes of many individuals the album is also composed of many social statements. "If you want get blasted by my nine shot," is a phrase from the album's 4th song "Sound Bwoy Bureill." These are strong, in-your-face words about the reality of the lives of many people. These statements are also backed by a heavy bass, which is extremely effective in both entertaining the listener and in matching a variety of lyrics. Interestingly enough, the bass is very constant throughout the many songs. However, because of their rich vocal part, the bass never ceases to be enjoyable.

This heavy hip-hop CD is a collection of classic rap. With a strong constant hip-hop bass, coloured by impressive lyrics, this album is both an entertaining piece of music and an array of in your face social messages. If you are looking for a hip-hop CD that will never bore you, *Bat Camp* is the album for you.

- Erick McKinlay

Clinton
Discontent
(Meccico)

Bizarre, different, and a "great change" are three phrases which can be used to describe **Clinton**'s debut album *Discontent*. This alternative rock band certainly knows how to make a first impression. Songs such as "People Power in the Disco Hour" are a raw exhibition of the band's love for rock. Yet, this alternative band also uses its great musical talents to produce "Euro-like" songs such as "Buttoned Down Disco."

The album, produced by Meccico, is not boring even for a second. Trust this reviewer, this CD has it all – electronically-produced sounds, basic guitar and drums, and even a piece sung totally in robotics. "Hip-Hop" Bricks is a different kind of hip-hop mix – it contains a Euro-like bass while sticking to hip-hop oriented lyrics. Another pleasingly surprising piece is "Mr. President," which includes sounds of electronic video games as part of its background music. "Sing Hosana" is a basic rock piece, which is composed of nothing more than guitar strings.

Discontent is a collection of 14 great musical pieces. Songs such as "Sing Hosana" enrich the band's musical rock base, while other songs are an enjoyable array of popular music types. Not catering to any specific type of music, Clinton has done a fantastic job with their debut album Discontent.

- Erick McKinlay

The first 40 people to The Medium office will receive a free double pass to *Keeping the Faith*, starring Edward Norton and Ben Stiller. Leave your name and number on Richie's desk.

Student Centre

upcoming events

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Thursday April 6, 2000

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SC

SPORTS

Fury finishes Leafs in game two, claim division one

BY ZAIN FANCY

As expected, Fury sleepwalked their way backwards in claiming the division one title. Fury humiliated the Leafs 8-1 – even worse then last week. The shots were surprisingly even at 22 each, but John Carrabs showed why he's an all-star, while Sukhzant Dhillon showed why he was the default goaltender for the Leafs.

Up 5-1 at the half, the game started getting very chippy in the second half. At the 16:00 mark, Leafs' Sam Gill was brutally crunched between two Fury players, which left Gill motionless momentarily. As if that weren't enough, Gill was dumped into the stands minutes later. This brought out calls to Fury that "you're hitting the wrong guy, get that idiot!" The Leafs were totally outplayed from the beginning of the series, and had absolutely no chance of even making this series close. The play of the game came with three minutes to go, when Gianni Markou on a two on one, threaded a pass behind his back right to Brandon Garrett who fired a shot right to the top corner. Fury is this year's champs, but they are lucky that they did not have to face the team that mopped the floor with them in the regular season, Bristol U, whose undisciplined play meant an early playoff exit. Chris Carrabs (playoff leading scorer) and John Carrabs (best GAA in the playoffs) were named co-playoff MVPs.

Congratulations goes out to Fury on what has to be the most lopsided final in the history of the EBHL.

GAME TWO
Fury 8 vs. Leafs 1
First Half
1. Fury, Mallozzi (Pontet) 12:30
2. Fury, C. Carrabs 11:05
3. Fury, Carley (C. Carrabs) 7:02
4. Leafs, Panglia (Gill) 5:00
5. Fury, C. Carrabs (Carley) 2:00
6. Fury, Markou 1:20

Penalties: Sandhu, Leafs (holding) 15:00

Second Half
7. Fury, Garrett (Markou) 9:45
8. Fury, Izquierdo (Pontet) 8:30
9. Fury, Garrett (Markou) 2:45

Penalties: Garrett, Fury (interference), Pontet, Fury (interference) 2:00

photo/Lynda Kim

The Leafs move in for a rare offensive opportunity against Fury's John Carrabs.

photo/Lynda Kim

Fury celebrates their division one ball hockey championship win.
Fury are: Mario Mallozzi, Gianni Markou, Dave Curran, Brandon Garrett, John Carrabs, Steve Pontet, Chris Carrabs, Jose Izquierdo, Neal Carley, and Bruce Worthington.

Eight months in athletics: A sports editor's perspective

Thank God it's over. A year of rampant disorganization and unfairness in UTM athletics is finally done.

And as sports editor for The Medium this year, I worked with the athletics department and I have seen first hand a lot of the crap that goes on in that dark area of the South Building. I'm just happy that I won't have to put up with some of the nimrods that work for the Centre for Physical Education anymore.

Commentary

BY ADAM GILES

In September, some UTM students returned to school and some arrived on campus for the first time. First-year students and orientation leaders had to endure the chaotic athletics carnival during Frosh Week. Thanks to the disintegration of ECARA – UTM's student voice in athletics – the carnival was a complete flop and it was only the volunteer orientation leaders, who greeted new students and pointed them in the right directions, that kept the poorly organized event from becoming a complete embarrassment.

With ECARA knocked out, returning students also discovered that several ridiculous policies were railroaded through without student input. A $50 "all inclusive" athletics fee was imposed on students after every student was promised access to The Fit Stop and other facilities and equipment after a one-time payment of $10 for an orientation. The department said it was a fee amalgamation, but it was actually a massive increase for the majority of students who didn't use more than one area of athletics. "It's still cheaper than any other exercise facility," the department said, trying to avoid the issue of their broken promise. Who cares? I was promised free use of the facilities after I paid my $10.

To line their pockets a little more, athletics started charging intramural team fees. And as a final cuff in the head, a tank top ban was instituted, forcing tank top wearers to sew on some sleeves.

Then came the infamous Scantlebury questions – The Medium followed up on Patrick Scantlebury's simple questions about things like why equipment wasn't being repaired, why so many rowing machines were purchased when only a few people use them, and the current financial status of the department of athletics. Athletics Director Mary Ann Pilskalnietis took immediate offence to The Medium's publishing of Scantlebury's questions. She called The Medium "unprofessional" and made it clear that she doesn't answer to students, except at Q.S.S. What she does do though, is implement new fees, take students' money, and refuse to answer student questions about the department that the students fund. Pilskalnietis seemed insulted that students would approach her with questions. Sorry Mary Ann, we didn't mean to upset you. We'll just shut up and keep our concerns to ourselves while you and your staff overhaul the athletics department. Better?

In December, rowing coach and fitness coordinator Andrew Bellerby bailed on UTM's athletic department. The loss of Bellerby leaves a big hole in the department's lineup. Until a replacement is hired, I see more disorganization ahead.

In spite of all the changes in athletics this year, it's been a real experience trying to work with some of the meatheads in and around the department. In the second semester, the return of men's ball hockey helped The Medium's sports section. But soon after the start of ball hockey, I stopped receiving interfaculty information and I received little or no cooperation from some intramural commissioners. I left several messages with the athletics department about these problems and I received no response. So, the sports section reported mostly on men's ball hockey – Zain Fancy, commissioner of the league, was the most helpful person around the department. Then, after plenty of ball hockey reporting, the Centre for Physical Education had the nerve to stop supplying The Medium with the ball hockey game sheets that were used to create box scores – a popular part of the sports section and an easy way for athletes to see their names in print.

The CPE also complained several times about the unbalanced content of this year's sports section. But they made these silly complaints after they stopped sending me the information I used to receive on a weekly basis and after they stopped cooperating. They did call me when their boxercise class grew in size and they wanted a picture and an article promoting it in the paper. I put a picture in the paper. My problem is that those athletics department dolts only contacted me when it served their purpose.

If the CPE wants to control the content of The Medium (like they tried to in not supplying game sheets or in supplying information only when it benefits them), they should run for editorial board positions. The Medium isn't a promotional flyer for the athletics department. And apparently, the CPE thinks that The Medium is willing to fork over more money to the department to cover the athletics banquet – they wanted me to report on it (for publicity) but they didn't think it would be appropriate to give the school media a free ticket to attend. Our arts and entertainment editor gets media passes to Theatre Erindale shows and reports on them. So don't complain I didn't cover your banquet. Ugh...so who wants to be sports editor next year?

Hopefully the resurrection of ECARA will clean up this year's mess.

RESIDENCE NEWS

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2. Who is the SAC Erindale chair?
3. Name 3 active SAC Directors (*Italics*)
4. What does S.A.C. stand for and when was it founded?
5. What is the address of SAC's website?

Cut this out and submit it to the SAC Office to enter the draw...Grand Prize is a $100.00 Gift Certificate at the U of T Bookstore. Only correct answers will be accepted.

YOUR NAME (phone#):

The Erindale Ball Hockey League: A year in review

BY ZAIN FANCY

The two champion teams – Fury (left) and HoLoHo (right) – celebrate their victories after this year's successful season. *file photos*

DIVISION I

Fury – This year's champs lost one game all season. Neal Carley and Bruce Worthington tied for the team lead in scoring, as well as tied for second in the league. Notable is that before the season started, Worthington predicted that he would be 'top three in scoring', and he indeed was true to his word, also taking home rookie of the year. Chris Carrabs and Brandon Garrett also had very solid offensive seasons, while John Carrabs (team MVP) had his usual stellar year in taking home top goalie honours. Chris Carrabs and Gianni Markou turned it up for the playoffs, finishing one-two respectively in league playoff scoring.

Bristol U – After a terrible start (0-1-2), Bristol finally signed a goalie, and their saviour showed up in Tony Raco (team MVP). Bristol finished the season 4-0-0, including their memorable 5-2 victory over Fury. Gary DeSouza, Bryan Foo, and Darren McLeod joined scoring leader Ravi Uppal in the high scorer's category. The team with the best uniforms had a disappointing playoff showing, as they took 38 minutes vs. 20 for their opponents, one of the reason for their exit. Before the season, Bristol was seen as iffy to make the playoffs, yet finished with only one loss during the regular season. Gary DeSouza caught fire during the playoffs – he was in on six of the team's eight goals.

file photo

Patriots' Damon Conrad on a break.

Leafs – This team was not well liked mainly because of the attitudes of their players. At least now that the season's over, Harpal Panglia will stop crying about how there is a conspiracy against his team; if he was checking, his team should have defaulted out of the league a long time ago for a couple of major penalties which were not called. Rajwinder Sandhu (team MVP) finished in the top 10 in scoring to lead his team into the finals. Unfortunately, the Leafs were utterly humiliated in the finals, losing by a combined score of 16-3. The losses of Massimo Giannobile (suspension) and the walkout of Pardeep Nagra on the eve of the finals didn't exactly help the Leafs either.

Untouchables – This erratic team squeaked into the playoffs by virtue of a tiebreaker. Weak defence and goaltending hurt this team throughout the regular season. Goalie Sheraz Mahmood, who had an off year, turned it up for the playoffs in a stellar showing. Mandeep Gill (team MVP) recovered from a slow start in the regular season to finish in the top five in scoring. Sean and Shane Valles also had strong offensive years, and Fareed Khan began to find the net this year. The loss of Aman Mundi to injury almost cost this team a playoff berth. The cut/walkout of John Daniel seemed to spark this team as they started to play like a team when he left, actually coming back on defence the occasional time.

Patriots – The most sportsmanlike team in the league, with the lowest team penalty minutes. The Pats missed the playoffs by a goal – had they scored an extra goal in one of their three ties, they would have been in. This is remarkable for the fact that all of the players are division two, playing for the first time in division one. Defenceman Sheldon Martin (team MVP) had an awesome year, finishing top five in scoring, captain Damon Conrad also had a breakout year, tied Martin in points and 'guaran-damteeing' a couple of crucial victories. Mike Burgess was also among the scoring leaders.

Turnovers – The disappointment of the league. Predicted to finish second and battle Fury for the title, the Turnovers were well out of the playoffs. They lost varsity star Steve Murphy to an injury and goalie Mark Riopal was also injured and had a nightmarish season. Chris Murphy (team MVP) is the only reason this team didn't finish lower in the standings. This team was lazy from beginning to end, and took way too many penalty minutes.

Sloppy Joe's – Another disappointment, the Joe's who were in great playoff position at the beginning of the year, nosedived to be the second worst team in division one. Losing key games and not having their key players show up sealed their fate. Victor Santos (team MVP) had a breakout year with 11 goals in seven games.

Goodfellas – This team was not given a chance before the season started, and didn't stand one once it ended. Finishing at the bottom of the pack, the Goodfellas can take solace that they scored more goals as the season went on, and didn't lose every game. Goalie Clayton Martin was hung out to dry this season, and although he played well, his numbers don't reflect that. Mark Oberhauser (team MVP) finished with eight points in six games. Unfortunately for this team, the signing of Belal Sheik did not help at all.

DIVISION II

HoLoHo – 'Team endurance' never seemed to stop running at any of their games, as this team was rewarded with the division two championship. Team and playoff MVP goaltender Kevin Spence was spectacular during the regular season and playoffs. Yasin Ozturk, Adam Giles, and Ryan Dunn provided all the offence HoLoHo would need during the regular season, while Yasser Firoozyan stepped up his game in the playoffs. An undefeated regular season was followed by a scare in the first round, then back to normal for HoLoHo.

PBU – After a great regular season, PBU exited the playoffs in dramatic choking fashion. Unfortunately for PBU, their regular season inflated their egos as the team began talking of how they would win division two no problem. Up by three goals going into game two of the semis, the team gave up that lead, then gave up the series on a weak shot in overtime. Even though he gave up the 'trickler heard round the world,' goalie Mark Bartolini was his team's MVP as he led all division two goalies in regular season GAA. Arbi Aghazarian, after finishing second in regular season scoring, disappeared in the playoffs, while Joey Dias maintained his consistency throughout the playoffs.

BMF – The team with the top offence and top player in the league got swept out of the playoffs as they could not match up between the pipes against HoLoHo. Adam Daly (team MVP) totally ran away with the scoring title, with a whopping 37 points in seven games. The rookie of the year did all that he could, but it was not enough in the playoffs. Strong regular seasons from Jay Caine and Jay Zwolak paced this team into the playoffs, where Andrew Corbett decided to step it up, tying Daly for the league lead in playoff scoring. After BMF's offence cooled down after the halfway mark of the regular season, they were in trouble since they could not rely on inexperienced goalie Joe Bakewell, who let in numerous softies in the finals.

Free Agents – The cinderella team of division two this year, the Agents were the only team not to lose to HoLoHo in the regular season. Then they shocked everybody in game one of the semis with a win over HoLoHo, but a lack of depth contributed to this teams early exit. Mike Acedo (team MVP) and Vincent Cheng were the only reliable forwards on this team, as the Agents rode the back of Acedo into the playoffs. The loss of forward Belal Sheik cost this team a possible berth in the finals. If captain Big Jon Lee can add one good forward and one good defenceman, look for this team to make some more noise next season.

Fierce – A terrible showing for a team that had some potential, but too many penalty minutes and no depth hurt this team. Pierre Bejjani (team MVP) was the only consistent forward on this team, but he has demanded a trade to a playoff bound team in division one for next year. When Bejjani leaves, this team will disband, or seriously retool.

Dynamo – The team of first-year players started off very slowly, but eventually learned the ropes and even made a late playoff charge. Rob Adamovsky (team MVP) had a good year to place him among the scoring leaders. Aside from Adamovsky, the team had no other high scorers, which is a problem for a team that struggles defensively.

Brahma Bulls – Only having two above average players, Marcus Morrison (team MVP) and Chris Shim, this team was lucky not to finish last overall. Aside from one jackass on the team, the Brahma Bulls were the most sportsmanlike team in the division.

HBFT – Not expected to win any games, they didn't. Starting off terribly, at least HBFT started scoring some goals. Team MVP Justin Smith found himself among the scoring leaders, a rarity for an HBFT player. This team will never come close to making the playoffs with their current roster, as the whipping boys of division two had the worst GAA in the league.

Division two's scoring leader: BMF's Adam Daly (white shirt). *file photo*

Commissioner's Last Word

Finally, the EBHL returned this year; but how did the league compare to past years? The new penalties, many of which I think are completely unjustified and unnecessary (i.e. the high sticking penalty), disrupted the flow of the game. The three-on-three format and the no sliding or kneeling rules eliminated the importance of defenceman in the league.

The participation in the league and the number of fans at games were the lowest in years. Oh well, at least this is the first time in years that a comissioner has not been attacked (you'll recall my esteemed cousin Zuhair Fancy had his face mashed into the ground repeatedly by Richard DeSouza, his neck choked by Omar Alikhan, and his spine crosschecked repeatedly by Rob Belissimo). Nevertheless, only one major penalty was called during the regular season and there were no racial slurs, no fighting, and no ball hockey issues carried out of the gym this season, contrary to past years.

Gutless players ran rampant this year, as trash-talk was at an all time high. Leading the way was Harpal Panglia of the Leafs. In one of the lighter moments of the season, a player caught Panglia talking trash about him and told the terrified Panglia where to go, which finally shut him up.

Another thing I did not like is administration interfering in the student run league. If your league commissioner and head referee reach a decision, don't overrule them just because you're buddies with one of the players on another team. Also, administration should not try to shape what is written in The Medium. The Medium is a student run newspaper and the athletics department has no authority over swearing in the sports section, reports of 'bounties' out on other players, or articles highly criticizing certain jackasses in the league. The department also refused to provide ball hockey game sheets to The Medium. Be thankful that the students are kept informed and that the sports section is entertaining.

In closing, the season was an overall success, as it met all goals outlined to keep ball hockey running.

Hopefully, more people will actually come out next year to ref, play, and write. Hopefully, the penalty maximum will be taken out next year. It's enough that teams have to be down three-on-two, which usually leads to a goal. The referees did a great job at the halfway point of the season to stop calling the garbage high sticking penalties.

For all those that I've pissed off over the years, you can finally feel relieved, the Fancy era at Erindale has officially ended, and I don't regret one damn thing.

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Contact Robert at The Medium a.s.a.p.

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